

Saturday Night

JULY 21ST 1956 TEN CENTS

Atomic Energy: The Danger To The Unborn

BY HARRY RASKY

Why Vancouver Is The Drug Centre

BY GEORGE TRASOV

Summer Theatre In Canada

BY NATHAN COHEN

How Hi The Fi? A Buyer's Guide

BY HUGH THOMSON



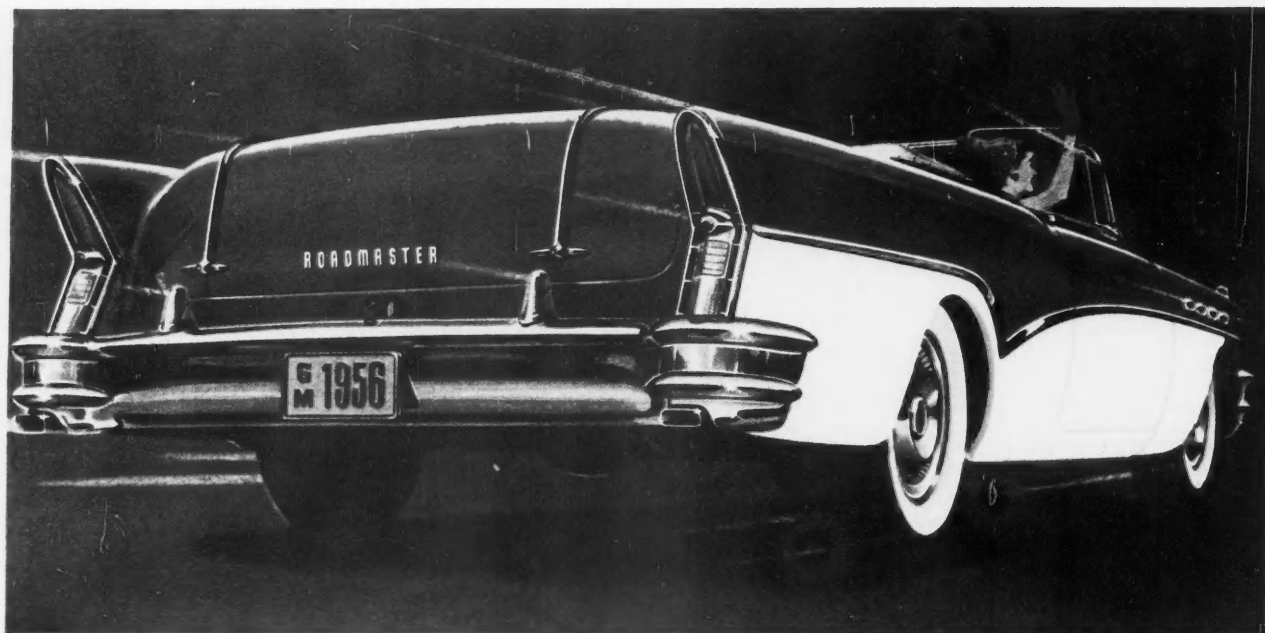
Howe and Parliament: Page 17

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The smooth and wondrous driving comfort, the pulsing, lifting power of the new Buick Roadmaster is seemingly as effortless as flying—without wings but with all of the untroubled, soaring ecstasy of graceful flight. Savor for yourself the enchantment of your own personal Flight into Anywhere—the escape on winglike, velvet-clad power into the great, golden distance—with the magnificent new Buick Roadmaster.

A General Motors Value



Buick Roadmaster, 2-door, 6-passenger Convertible

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

Buick

WILL BUILD THEM

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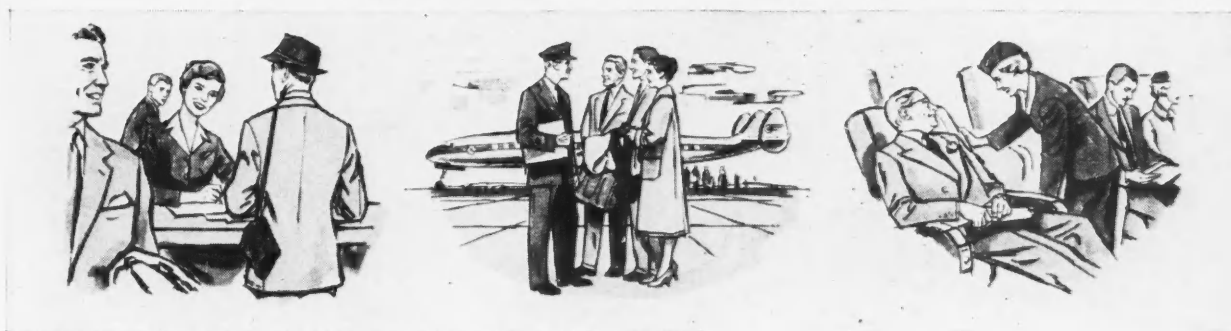
TCA's
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— Facsimile of letter received by the stewardess on a Boston-Halifax flight

Miss
Dear A Stewardess
I Want to marry you Because
you Were so nice to me on
my Air Plane Trip
Love from
Tommy

Splendid new planes...old-fashioned
hospitality and helpfulness



"As a traveller on many of the great airlines, I was tremendously impressed by what I saw of TCA system and personnel. Everything right on the button! The office folks had a smile, and the stewardesses were simply perfect!"

— (U.S.) Passenger Citation
(Cleveland to Toronto)

"When delayed in Gander on the flight of another line, we were all picked up by TCA and flown across. Your stewardess, steward and crew were superb... really outstanding. Thanks for having them in your employ!"

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(New York to Paris)

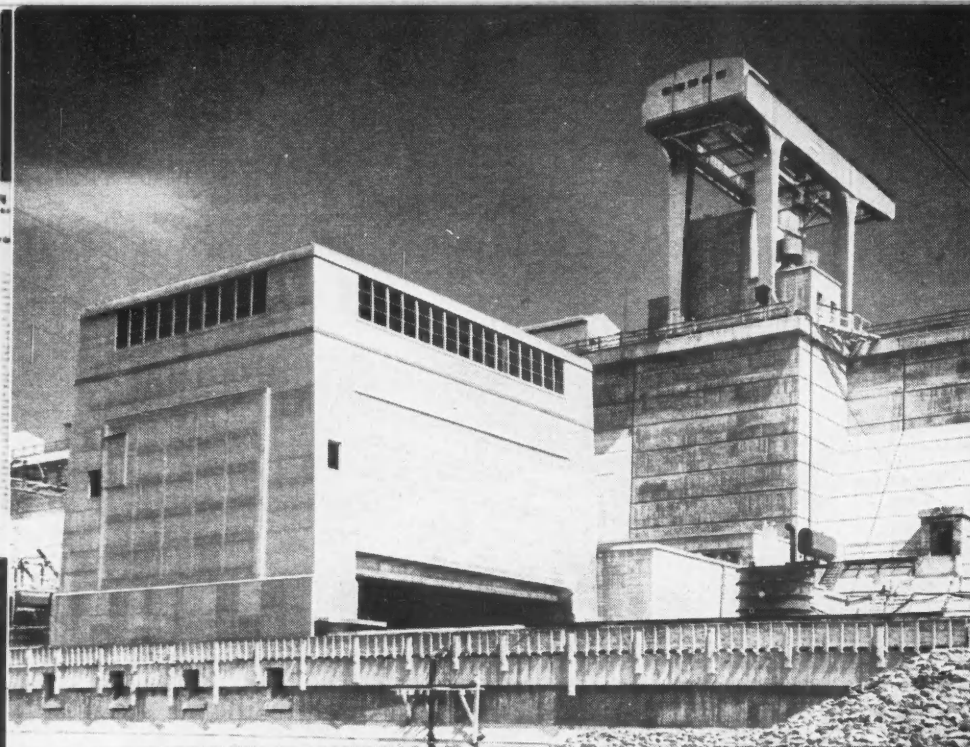
"I have done a lot of flying but this is my first trip by TCA. I was very much impressed by the very high standard of alertness, efficiency and courtesy. Stewardesses very energetic and efficient."

— (British) Passenger Citation
(Montreal to London)

TCA's fleet features the most modern aircraft... the world-famous Viscount and the latest type of Super Constellation. Along with these TCA strives to render a passenger service that features good old-fashioned hospitality and helpfulness!



TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AIRLINES



Microwave parabolic reflector for transmitting ultra-high frequency waves. Mechanical design, fabrication and erection by Dominion Bridge for RCA Victor Company Limited.

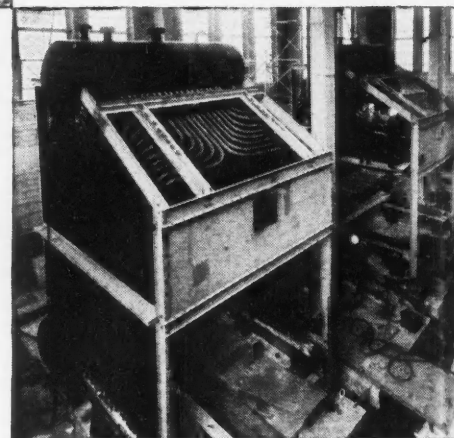
On the job...

Completely enclosed 250-ton gantry crane, with 60-ton crane at right. Both are installed at the Peribonka power house of the Aluminum Company of Canada. We are now building a 300-ton crane of same type for St. Lawrence power project — largest ever built in Canada.

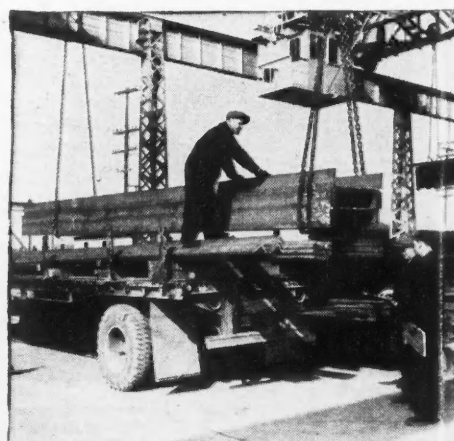
This rotary kiln is 450 ft. long, 12 ft. diam. and weighs approx. 700 tons. Largest in Canada — it is capable of producing 1,500,000 barrels of cement annually. Fabricated and erected by Dominion Bridge for Canada Cement Company, Fort Whyte, Man.



Dominion Bridge Company Limited
Plants and offices throughout Canada



Three 25,000 pph Dominion Bridge water tube boilers installed in St. Justine Hospital, Montreal.



Modern handling and shipping methods assure prompt delivery of Dominion Bridge Warehouse steel.

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JULY

THE FRONT PAGE

- ▶ The Menace of Two Strikes
- ▶ Hypocrisy and Murderers
- ▶ Mr. Dulles's Tiresome Optimism
- ▶ Fishing for Immigrants

Holes and Pegs

GOVERNOR GENERAL Massey declared recently that personnel tests "rather frighten" him, and we must admit that we share Mr. Massey's feeling on the subject. The tests (along with most of the current surveys, from Dr. Gallup's polls to Dr. Kinsey's copulation-by-population estimates) are based on mass surveys, scientifically gathered and systematically broken down. The statistics are fed into electronic calculators, which do mysterious things with the data before spitting out the final results. "The tests are often frighteningly accurate," one expert said recently. (Frightening—there's that word again.)

We don't like the notion of Univac as the ultimate arbiter of human achievement, nor the thought of all the little square pegs fitted forever in the little square holes, like the pieces in some gigantic progressive toy. If the lives of great men remind us of anything, it is that most of them become great by scrambling out of the holes assigned to them and finding holes to suit themselves.

A Look at Strikes

MANY Canadians and Americans have been gleefully proclaiming that the revolt of workers in the Polish city of Poznan shows how close to disintegration is Moscow's power in the slave states of Europe. In their joy at learning that the Poles do not love the Russians, they seem to have forgotten how close to disaster North America can come when workers decide not to work.

The trouble in Poznan started as a strike, a demonstration against wage cuts and bad living conditions, and grew into a rebellion against serfdom. Meanwhile, steel workers in the United States were starting a strike and in Canada were talking about one. The Poles asked for bread and freedom, the North Americans for the means to buy bigger steaks and cars, but that, perhaps, is beside the point. What is significant is this: a long strike in as basic an industry as steel is as dangerous to the stability of North America as any mass uprising of workers in the Commun-



David McDonald, U.S. Steelworkers president, leaves a bargaining session.

ist colonies may be to the Soviet empire.

When steel workers in the U.S. walk off the job, a daily supply of 250,000 tons of steel is shut off. This represents 40 per cent of the basic raw materials of American industry and the essential product of much of the remainder. Plants and plans in Canada are affected, because we must import certain types of steel. Canada's own production has as pervasive an influence on the domestic economy. Steadily the effect of the strike spreads: work slows down and finally halts in factory after factory, on bridges and buildings, on big and little jobs from pipelines and seaways to culverts and lawn sprinklers. The pace of business slackens. Money and production are lost, often never to be regained. Finally, drained of energy, the whole economy staggers—and there is always the danger that it will become too weak to recover without a long convalescence.

What this means is that a substitute for the strike must be found, in North America at least, for the settlement of industrial disputes. The strike has become too clumsy a tool to be used in the repairing of the balance between management and labor in our closely integrated

and complex machinery of production. Between them, management and labor must find the substitute—another tool that can be changed less easily into a weapon more dangerous than any in the hands of an enemy.

A Poor Report

THE REPORT of the parliamentary committee that studied capital punishment is more than disappointing. It is disgusting.

The committee recommended that the death penalty be retained, but that hanging be replaced by some less brutal method of execution.

There are only two reasons for retaining the death penalty. One is the need (or the supposed need) for ridding society of confirmed killers — if there is any such thing as a confirmed killer who is not insane. The other is the need for a punishment severe enough to serve as a deterrent. But the committee could not have based its report on these reasons. If it had, it would have recommended the recognition of degrees of murder and the retention of hanging.

There is no evidence that the death penalty really is a deterrent, but if it were, it would surely be weakened by

making the methods of execution less horrible. Death itself is not a terrifying thing. Soldiers, sailors, airmen, motorists and others shoot craps with death and find excitement in the gamble. Terror lies in the assurance of a brutal, violent end to life. A big fear is a greater deterrent than a little fear.

Members of the committee who approved these recommendations (a minority did not) were obviously not so much concerned with reason as with making a report that would be as free from controversy as possible and still have a flavor of humanitarianism. The intention may have been decent enough, but the result is hypocrisy. Any person who can stomach the cold, deliberate process by which the state takes a human life should not be queasy about the method. If one can accept the principle that a man should die for an offence against society, one should not be horrified by a difference of minutes in the time it takes to kill him, or by the inefficiency of stretching his neck compared with stopping his heart with gas or an electric shock.

The committee spent months ostensibly studying arguments and evidence for and against capital punishment. All it managed to do was squander time and money. It could have done as well if the members had just got together for an evening.

Father Image

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's recent illnesses and the detailed press reports accompanying them have produced a curious epidemic of heart and alimentary disorders across the continent. According to Dr. W. V. Johnston, executive director of the U.S. College of General Practice, few of the cases turn out to be serious. Patients are assured after examination that they are suffering from nothing worse than a slight case of self-identification with the Father-image. As a rule they go away giving a pretty fair imitation of the President's remarkable power of quick recuperation.

Meanwhile there seems to be an obsession that no one can possibly take President Eisenhower's place in the political scene. "We've got to have him, no matter what happens," one Republican told a Canadian tourist the other day, and added grimly, "alive or stuffed."

Silly Optimism

OBSERVERS in Washington believe that President Eisenhower is fed up with the repeated verbal blunders of his Secretary of Defence, Charles Wilson, and would fire him were this not an election year. Allies of the United States, however, would be much happier if the President put a curb on the tongue of the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles. Wilson's inept utterances may be bad politics, but the ef-

fusions of Dulles are much worse — they are bad statesmanship.

The most recent example of Mr. Dulles's failure to restrain his tongue was his declaration at a press conference that "the statements issued by the various Communist parties show a very high state of dissatisfaction with the present leadership," and "international Communism is in a state of perplexity and at internal odds".

Once again Dulles was indulging in his favored pastime of wishful thinking. Had he waited to discuss the latest Communist developments with other members of his country's National Security



Dulles: Too much wishful thinking.

Council, he would undoubtedly have heard much less optimistic opinions than his own.

There is something important going on in the Communist world, and it has been going on since February, when Khrushchev and his colleagues decided to destroy the reputation of the dead Stalin. There were probably good domestic reasons for their decision — a relaxation of the pressures built up within the U.S.S.R. by Stalinism, a need for stimulating a new burst of creative effort in the Soviet. But there were also excellent international reasons for their apparent desire to destroy the image of dictatorship and give their people a little more freedom. They had decided to use political and economic weapons instead of military threats in their contest with the free world. To do this, they had to soften the harsh face of the Stalinist brand of Communism.

It cannot be simply coincidence that the leaders of Communist parties in Italy, Britain, the United States and elsewhere suddenly decided, within a few days of each other, to speak with surprising frankness about the developments in the Soviet Union. For four months they had

done nothing but meekly echo the pronouncements of their Soviet bosses. Then all of a sudden they advocate more freedom of political thought, more independence for individuals and groups within the Communist structure. It would be naive to think that these men, who have always danced at the ends of strings pulled from Moscow, have suddenly ceased to be puppets.

What this manoeuvre is intended to do is to make Communism more acceptable to the parties of the Left in the West, to quiet the fears and suspicions of the Right, to give Communist parties in other countries an appearance of independence. It is what Stalin tried to do with the Cominform, and failed. If many Western leaders share the silly optimism of Mr. Dulles, the Khrushchev gang can hope for success.

Doubtful Immigrants

THE BRITISH auto industry, suffering from a drop in demand and increased competition from European manufacturers, has laid off thousands of men. Some Canadian newspapers have decided that this is an excellent opportunity for the Federal Government to recruit some of the skilled workers needed by Canadian industry. On the surface, it appears to be a sound proposal: Canada badly needs more people, and in particular people with industrial skills. But no headlong effort should be made to persuade any large number of the English "layoffs" to come to Canada. First, some checking should be done.

Canada needs workers, but little will be gained by bringing in immigrants who feel they must have a particular job in a particular place — and many of the men laid off by the British manufacturers seem to be of that type. Of the first batch of 1,300 dismissed by the Standard company in Coventry, 800 found other jobs almost immediately. The other 500 drew unemployment pay and waited for work that suited them. In the meantime, the Coventry labor exchange was looking for men to fill more than 1,250 jobs. Even after a thousand more hands were laid off by Standard, there was no real unemployment in Coventry. Another 6,000 were dismissed from auto plants in Birmingham — while in nearby Rugby one factory alone had openings for a thousand workers. The demand for skilled men in cities close to Birmingham and Coventry continued to be strong.

What many of the dismissed men wanted, according to their union representatives, was a three-day week at the factories, to keep up employment; they would draw unemployment pay for the other two working days. They do not sound like good prospects for Canada, even if those unwilling to look for work in a nearby city could be persuaded to cross an ocean for the same purpose.

Radiation effects are cumulative. Although the scientists admit that they know sadly little about the genetic results, they can offer a prescription. Here is what to do about it right now.

The Danger to the Unborn

by Harry Rasky

A FRAIL, gray-haired philosopher stood before the press of the world and declared in quiet voice. "The only alternative to living together is dying together".

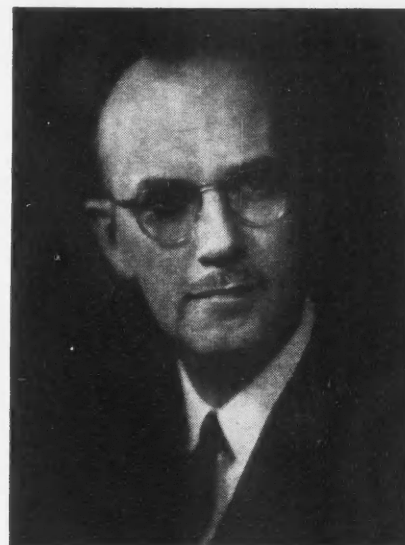
I sat in a crowded London hall one Saturday morning last summer and listened to 84-year-old Bertrand Russell read a statement signed by Albert Einstein along with eight other eminent scientists appealing to world rulers for an end of war lest mankind be destroyed by nuclear weapons. Said the wise old man, "It is the most important question that men have ever had to decide in the whole history of the human race".

And last year in his annual Easter message, Pope Pius XII pleaded, "We must raise our voice of warning against the dangers, which the science of genetics foresees as possible, when that mysterious something which is deep down in every living thing, is handled recklessly, or subjected to a violent change of habitat by a cause

such as, for example, an increased radioactivity in the face of a yet unknown margin of biological security".

But while the philosophers and religious leaders can express their fears, they must go to the scientist for the cold facts. And of all the scientists, the one in the key positions is no longer the physicist, who has created this atomic thing, but the geneticist. The reason: it has been determined that atomic radiation, no matter how small the dose, is liable to affect not only the person receiving it but some of his descendants. The archaic expression about the "sins of the fathers" has a new, grim meaning.

Recently, in Washington, six scientific committees of the National Academy of Sciences issued an imposing document on radiation. They warned that all-out nuclear war could make the earth uninhabitable. They also suggested a reasonable safety limit of exposure to radiation by

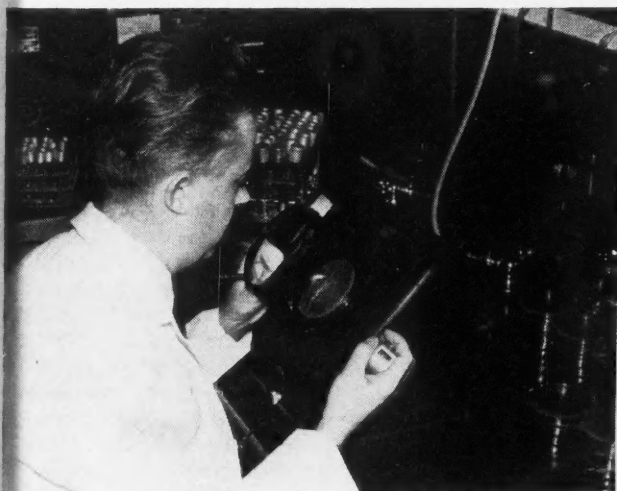


Dr. R. M. Taylor: Action now.

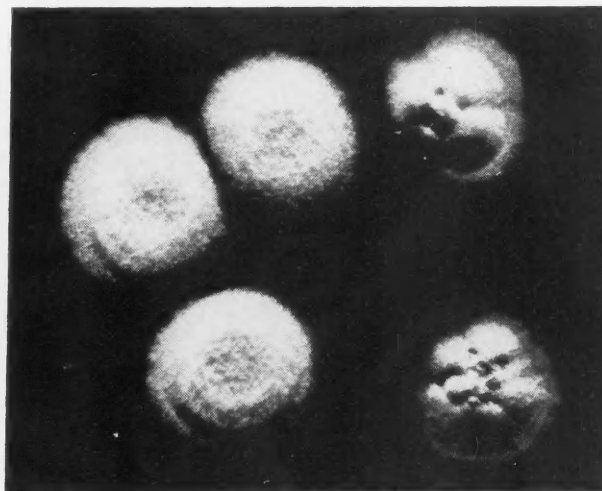
which man might avoid undue harm to posterity.

What are the facts about radiation? To find out, I consulted with several Canadian experts. In Toronto, I spoke to Dr. Robert M. Taylor, for five years Medical Director at Chalk River, and now Executive Director of the National Cancer Institute of Canada. I went as well to Chalk River, where a giant atomic reactor is churning out atoms for peace, to consult with Dr. Howard B. Newcombe, Head of the Biology Branch.

Radiation has been with us since long before the advent of the Atomic Age. When a dentist takes a picture of our teeth we get a dose of X-rays. When we walk along the street we are bombarded with cosmic rays that come from outer space. When we sit down on a rock we get more X-rays from the uranium in the rock. To date, the amount of radiation from fallout from the tests by the Americans, Rus-

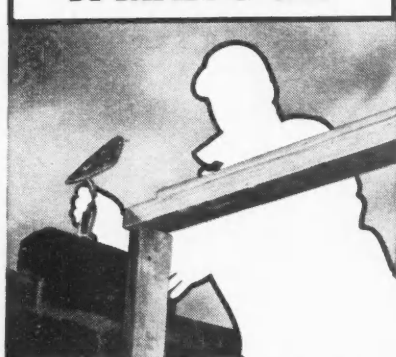


Dr. H. B. Newcombe in his Chalk River Laboratory.



Mutations visible in irradiated fungus-like growths.

A MAN'S ale



"A job like mine takes it out of you"

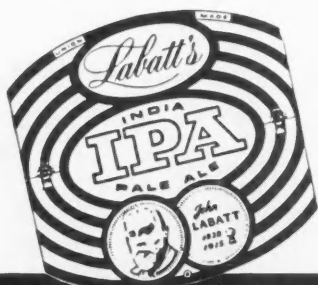
with BODY in it



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in,"
says Stanley Cannon, Willowdale, Ont.

You know it yourself—there are times when only a man-size ale can satisfy your craving for a *real* man's drink. That's the time to reach for IPA . . . the man's ale with *real* body and flavour to it. A man-size taste in ales calls for Labatt's IPA—bricklayer Stan Cannon knows it. You should get to know it, too.

Find out about IPA . . . *the ale that satisfies the man in you!* Enjoy IPA the next time you're in your favourite hotel or tavern, or when you order ale for your home. Start enjoying the ale with body . . . flavour . . . **ZEST!** The man's ale—IPA!



The swing is definitely to
LABATT'S

sians and British is small. But the effect of radiation we absorb in a lifetime is cumulative. Dr. Taylor warns in the strongest terms, "By the time it becomes important it will be too late to take preventive action. I just wonder how far we can go."

At Chalk River today, Dr. Newcombe and his associates think that the damage from atomic radiation is still very small compared with what we have inherited from natural changes.

Dr. Newcombe, who has been studying genes at Chalk River for nine years, adds, "In the case of radiation, undesirable effects have to be balanced against the benefits". Despite loss of life in highway accidents and aeroplane crashes, few people would deplore the invention of the automobile and aeroplane.

The amount of radiation that it is practical for us to receive is measured in terms of the roentgen (r), a unit of X-ray quantity named after the discoverer of the rays. For example, when we have a dental X-ray we receive about five roentgens to the jaw, but about .005 roentgens may escape to the testicles and ovaries. If 400 roentgens were distributed over the whole body, it would probably be fatal. But only a small amount of influence is needed to change the genes. For instance, if ten roentgens were aimed at the reproductive cells of every person in the U.S., about five million changed, or mutated genes would become part of the American inheritance. *And almost every change or mutation is a change for the worse.* Mutated genes may result in anything from increased susceptibility to the common cold at one extreme, to muscular atrophy at the other.

However, we are definitely not going to produce a generation of monsters. A study of offspring of the survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki blasts has proved that no greatly deformed individuals have been born.

Dr. Newcombe says, "The concern over exposures such as those that we are now receiving is not that they might destroy the race nor is it the possibility of any major change in the quality of the race. Instead, it has to do with the number of individuals in future generations whose health and well-being might be affected."

Dr. Newcombe's view is based on figures now available. To date we have received only .1 roentgens as a result of radiation fallout over the past ten years. He says, "Let me express our situation in this way. There are roughly 200 million people in North America. In their make-up, each has an estimated six to eight undesirable mutated genes which people ordinarily carry. So, say there are about one billion harmful mutations in the population. The amount of additional radiation that the population has been exposed to

might add 100,000 mutated genes to the billion already existing. If you are thinking in terms of the hereditary quality of the population, there will be, percentagewise, still only a very, very small change. The people who will show the effects will be spread over many generations."

The problem of the geneticist is that he can't carry on his radiation studies on people, and he has to resort to experiments on other kinds of life. But, says Dr. Newcombe, "Gene mutations seem to occur in a very similar manner throughout all forms of life".

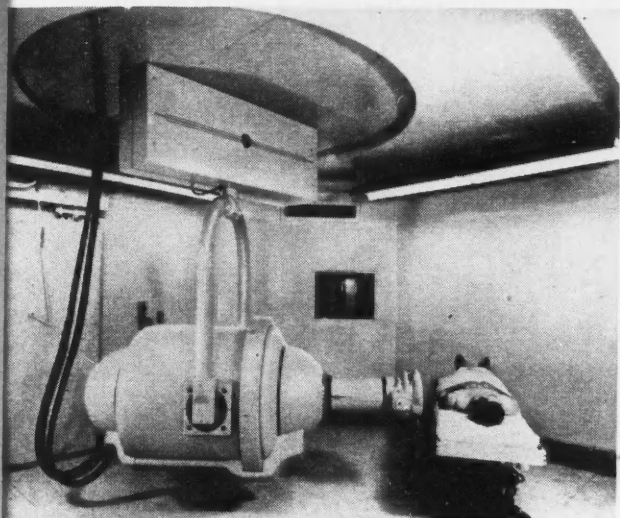
To date, the experiments at Chalk River have been of three kinds. The first study has been with bacteria because the scientists can readily detect mutations in bacteria. The purpose was to find whether the change occurs during radiation or later; the mutation was found to occur later and in some forms, the study proved, the change could partly be prevented. A second study has been carried on with yeast. Yeast is closer to human populations because it has a sexual cycle. The third and newest study is with rats, in an attempt to discover what happens to mammals after many generations of radiation, in terms of longevity, fertility, and learning ability.

All in all, though, the geneticist must admit that he knows sadly little about the genetic effects of radiation on human populations. But he realizes that atomic energy is here to stay and he must gather information as quickly as possible. With the coming of atomic electrical plants, there will be much more atomic radiation to contend with.

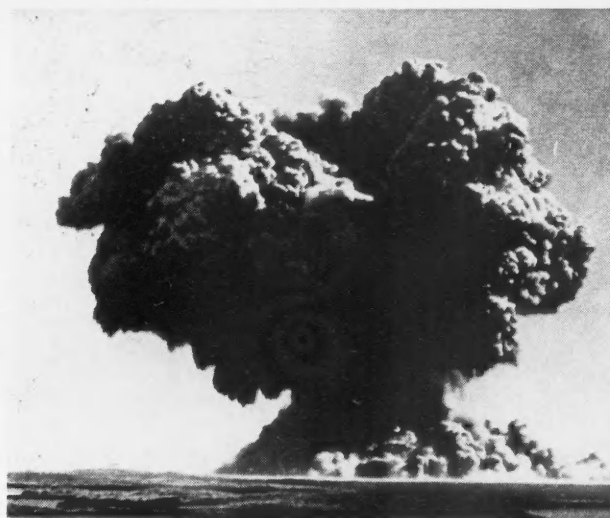
The geneticist is prepared to make certain recommendations immediately. Chief among these is that each person should have a file with his personal history of exposure to radiation. He recommends that as a safety limit for the general population, exposure to radiation should be held down to 10 roentgens for the first 30 years of a person's life. He suggests that medical X-rays be kept to an absolute minimum because we are spending about a third of our maximum lifetime dose of radiation on medical X-rays.

His greatest plea is for more information: "We want to know more about mutation rates in many organisms and in man where possible. We want to know more about populations, using laboratory animals which can be studied under many conditions. And especially we need to know more about human populations. This is the most difficult kind of study and yet is the most urgently needed."

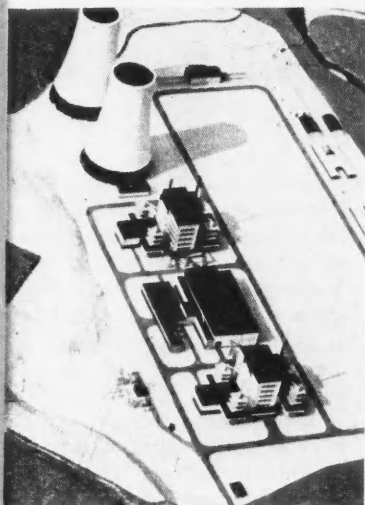
Although few geneticists are willing to say, "Let's stop dropping experimental bombs or let's stop thinking in terms of atomic power," all would agree with the Pope's fear about the reckless handling of "that mysterious something which is deep down in every living thing".



Medicine: Now million-volt x-ray machines.



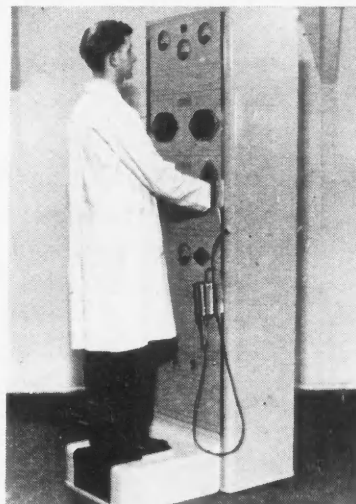
Fallout: Each explosion adds to the danger.



Power: Atomic plants.

Radioactivity Builds Up

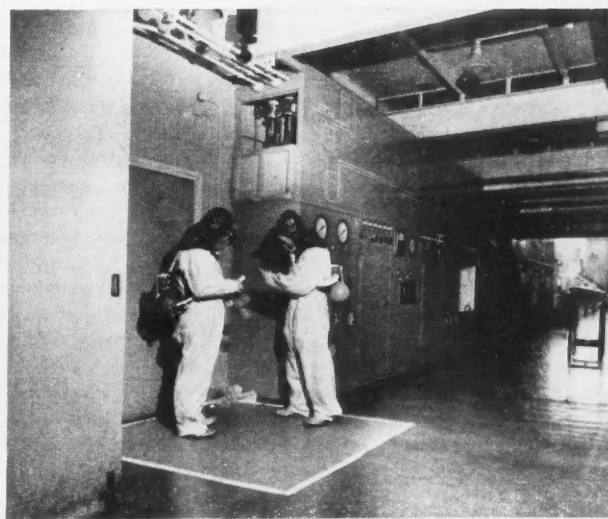
Nothing less than the future of the human race is at stake since science has discovered that radiation effects increase with each exposure. Geneticists are frankly worried; mutated genes may produce monsters or weakling offspring may be born. Doctors now recommend that each individual keep a careful record of every radiation experience.



Exposure: Check-up.



Food: Japanese examine radioactive tuna.



Work: Operators require protective clothing.



With an ocean harbor facing the Orient . . .



. . . the city's history of addiction is grim.

Vancouver: Drug Centre of Canada

by George E. Trasov

Since the war, Vancouver has had more than half of all convictions for narcotics offences in Canada. Reason? History, geography and environment are three factors.

THERE ARE MANY reasons why Vancouver is the drug centre of Canada. The one most commonly expressed is related to geographical location. Vancouver is the largest city west of Winnipeg. It is an ocean port facing the Orient, in particular, China, the largest opium producing country in the world. It is close to the large west coast cities of the United States where addiction incidence is notoriously high and this would tend to encourage illicit trafficking in opium. Vancouver is easily accessible to Mexico, the home of the Mexican Brown Heroin—"Brown H".

Mexican Brown H, however, has been gradually supplanted by white heroin manufactured in Europe and exported to Canada and United States. Vancouver importers secure almost all of their manufactured drugs from the eastern cities of New York, Montreal and Toronto.

Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown are also ocean ports. The three latter cities have no addiction problem. The problem in Montreal has never been too serious; there has been a remarkable decline in convictions under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act since 1941. Toronto, a port city, has also shown a decline in the number of convictions in the years

following World War II. On the other hand, there has been an equally remarkable increase in convictions in Vancouver.

The eastern cities are all close to New York, the chief port of entry to contraband narcotics. Relative convictions in eastern Canadian cities, under the Narcotic Act, have declined. Since the war Vancouver has had more than half of Canada's total convictions under the Act.

A common reason given for Vancouver's unenviable reputation is its mild climate. Vancouver has a milder, more equable all-year climate than the larger centres of population in Eastern Canada. Many people are attracted to the West Coast city because of the climate, and many addicts may also be attracted.

This reasoning would not explain why Montreal was the drug centre of Canada in the early thirties, followed by Winnipeg and later Toronto. Climate and weather conditions have not changed to that extent in these last few years.

Heavy precipitation in Vancouver in the form of rain during the months from October through to May with accompanying dullness would tend to have a depressing influence on the population. Drugs

may be used to relieve the gloom. Significantly this reasoning is used to support the fact that British Columbia is the province with the highest consumption of alcoholic beverages per capita. The argument loses its validity when one considers the high incidence of alcohol consumption in the cities of United States and Europe. Nor would such reasoning explain why British Columbia generally stands "first" in other fields indicative of social maladjustment—juvenile and adult delinquency, illegitimacy, suicidal attempts, divorce, and others. There is a distinct relationship between these and addiction.

Though Vancouver owes its increase in population to other provinces, more than 75 per cent of the addicts began the use of drugs in Vancouver. Many addicts confined to various institutions on the prairies and in Eastern Canada became addicts in Vancouver.

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Underworld: Potential addicts.

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multiple factors contributing to Vancouver's being the drug centre of Canada.

Big groups of Chinese were brought to the United States to help in the building of the railroads. Their mores and customs came with them. They smoked opium in China. They continued to smoke opium in the new land. This meant it had to be imported. This they continued to do until 1909 when the U.S. Government passed legislation prohibiting the import of opium and morphine except for legitimate purposes.

The Fraser River Gold Rush and railroad building transplanted many of these Chinese from the U.S. to British Columbia. Again they brought their opium with them.

In the 1880s the population of British Columbia was about 60,000; 10,000 of these were Chinese, 30,000 native Indians.

Factories for refining opium were built in Vancouver, New Westminster and Victoria. These cities charged a \$500 licence fee for the handling and preparation of opium for smoking. This practice continued until the anti-Chinese riots, culminating in Mackenzie King's visit to Vancouver in 1907 to assess damages.

Canada's first Opium Act was passed in 1908 making it illegal to sell opium for smoking. It was not until 1911 that the Opium Act was amended to make smoking of opium illegal and subject to penalty.

From the earliest days British Columbia has traditionally and historically had a high addiction rate due to the Chinese opium smokers. For many years the smoking and trafficking in opium was largely a pre-requisite of the Chinese. Gradually a certain class of whites, gamblers and prostitutes, began to frequent the smoking dens. Then the traffic was largely taken over by white men.

The drug colony was established by the Chinese. It remains a drug colony with its structure changed from opium to heroin, from the Oriental to Occidental. The few Chinese users of drugs have become heroin users. They are now on the fringe of the addict colony.

The high rate of employment, high wages, expensive appetites, loss of jobs, keener competition, return of service personnel, etc., in the period following World War II, were not peculiar to Vancouver but only Vancouver had an historical and a traditional addict colony.

British Columbia is a province rich in natural resources. It requires a large labor force to develop its primary industries—lumbering, mining, fishing and fruit growing. Employment is largely seasonal. Laborers are recruited from the city to lumber camps, fishing boats, fruit fields and the mines. They earn good wages when employed. During off-season periods, temporary lay-offs, etc. they return to Vancouver for celebrations, which, with

some unstable people, not infrequently end with loss of savings. They have earned good money, they have been independent, they are accustomed to high living standards. They resent accepting charity or public assistance which is no more than subsistence. Consequently, when funds are exhausted there is temptation, especially for the maladjusted, towards delinquency—the life of the underworld.

The underworld is the common ground of the addicts, pushers (frequently, if not always users), middlemen and members of the syndicate. Potential addicts are recruited from the underworld. This is not a typical picture of the common laborer of Vancouver, but neither are addicts common men. They became acquainted with drug users in the underworld or the jail.

There appears to be a close correlation between delinquency, petty crime, drug addiction and other social deviations. This does not necessarily apply to members of the medical profession who become addicted to drugs or to the group of persons who start on drugs through medical treatment and who may continue its use for intoxicating effects. These two groups are no larger in Vancouver than in any other city according to the evidence submitted to the Special Committee on the Traffic in Narcotic Drugs in Canada.

The use of drugs, and especially heroin, the chief drug of addiction in Vancouver, decreases the capacity for work. The addict is then completely lost to society and resorts to shop-lifting, breaking and entering, stealing and prostitution to provide the means to purchase drugs. The "rat-race" is on. Vancouver, with its large underworld, provides a safer haven than many other cities.

Forms of behavior like delinquency, drug use, and others do not take place in a vacuum. They are carried out in a physical and social milieu which must play a part in determining their course of action and the likelihood of their occurrence. This is a basic fact even though it is extremely difficult to hold in a balanced perspective.

Vancouver appears to provide a highly vulnerable environment conducive to drug use. Within this environment is the city government, local police, RCMP and others. In scolding the local police, the Special Committee on the Traffic in Narcotic Drugs in Canada lost sight of the larger issues—the total environment of Vancouver. Therein lies the answer to Vancouver as the drug centre of Canada.

G. E. Trasov was the psychiatric social worker on the research team of the University of British Columbia which recently released its report on drug addiction. He is at present employed by the Narcotic Addiction Foundation of British Columbia.

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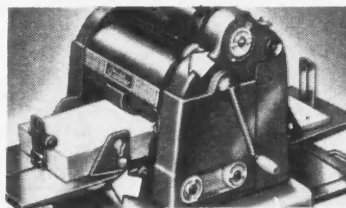
"SUPREME IN ITS FIELD"



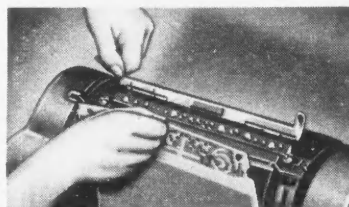
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Liberals' Election Problems

by John A. Stevenson

THE STRATEGISTS of the Liberal party are now pondering over the problem of retaining a workable majority in the next Federal Parliament.

They are naturally deeply perturbed by the evidence of the three recent provincial elections that political winds adverse to Liberalism are now blowing. They are afraid that their claim to be the architects of the present lush prosperity will not avail to change the growing conviction that too long a spell of power has bred in the Liberal party a complacent arrogance, a disdain for the rights of Parliament and a contempt for economy that together demand a change of government.

While these strategists cannot conceive that their party will not have the largest membership in the next House of Commons, they do foresee the danger of the loss of a clear majority and a situation that will require delicate manoeuvres.

They can no longer count upon the goodwill of the CCF, who have been alienated by the Government's conduct over the pipeline. The Social Crediters are dubious allies, whose co-operation in the recent contest in Quebec produced no rare and refreshing fruits.

At the moment, the fortunes of both the senior parties are at a low ebb west of the Great Lakes. Neither can expect to bring back from that region more than a small quota of members, mostly like J. G. Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) and W. G. Weir (L., Portage-Neepawa) elected on personal grounds. Most of the seats in Newfoundland will remain pocket boroughs of the Government, but in the other Maritime provinces, the charge that the Liberal party has neglected eastern interests and catered to the needs of Ontario and Quebec is finding increasing acceptance and endangering Liberal seats.

The basic problem of the Liberals is the retention of the 125-odd seats they now possess in Quebec and Ontario. They are fearful that Premier Duplessis' proclamation that his truce with Ottawa is at an end may mean that he will be ready to intervene in the next Federal election as an active ally of the Hon. George Drew, but they are confident that racial pride in the distinguished career of Prime Minister St. Laurent will keep enough of his French-Canadian compatriots faith-

ful to him to save most of the Liberal seats in Quebec. Ontario is a different kettle of fish. There is considerable evidence that Mr. St. Laurent's stock has slumped badly in the past 12 months in Ontario.

The feebleness of his leadership in Parliament during the present session has left the impression on many former admirers that he is now a spent force and that the bestowal of a new mandate upon him would be merely an honorary gesture before retirement.

Accordingly, not a few of the Liberals who hold seats in Ontario have become



Mr. Campney: Not convincing.

dubious as to whether Mr. St. Laurent can ever repeat his former success as a vote-getter for their benefit. They are disposed to think that it might be desirable to release him from his promise to lead the Liberal party in another election and choose without delay a successor, who would have more appeal to the voters of Ontario. A corollary to such a move would be the postponement of the general election until 1958 in order that the new leader should have time to find his feet in his new role and make the Canadian public better acquainted with the attractions of his personality.

The Hon. R. O. Campney, the Minister of National Defence, was, in the language of cricketers, batting on a sticky

wicket when he submitted his estimates to the House of Commons. In his rather elaborate review of the results of our program of rearmament and the state of national defences, he spoke with the knowledge that two of Canada's most distinguished soldiers had been making frequent charges of serious inadequacy in defences and incompetence and wastefulness in his department.

He must have had grim forebodings that his professions of serene satisfaction with his stewardship would be derided by the Opposition and that they would proceed to cite, as they did, the contradictory evidence of the two eminent soldiers. Even the Government's late allies, the Social Crediters, joined in the assault upon the deficiencies of Mr. Campney's Department and his rebuttal was not convincing. Mr. Drew's demand for a committee of the Commons to examine the whole program of defence was turned down by the Prime Minister.

The meeting of the Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth in London supplied evidence that it is now a very loosely knit organization. The governments of the partners have such divergent views on important current issues that no solidarity of policy can be hoped for.

There has been no lessening of the sharp division of opinion among them about the recognition of the Communist Government of China. The absurd proposal of Mr. Strydom, the Prime Minister of South Africa, for a new league designed to preserve the domination of white races over the vast multitude of colored inhabitants of Africa, never had a chance of acceptance by the other "white" Dominions. The immediate secession of India and other Asiatic members would have followed. Little attention seems to have been paid to problems of trade and immigration, and no effective co-ordination of policies on defence was achieved. Open friction was avoided, however, and the hospitality of the British Government must have been enjoyable for its guests.

Lester B. Pearson may have made his last appearance at a Commonwealth Conference. Rumors persist that his appointment as successor to Lord Ismay, the present Secretary-General of NATO, will soon be announced. The post, to which a large annual salary plus a comfortable pension is attached, would be congenial to Mr. Pearson; he has never had much ardor for the partisan warfare of politics and it would give him wider scope for his special quality as a diplomat—his genuine zeal for the establishment of a stable international order. His exit from the Government would undoubtedly weaken it but it would cause Walter Harris to shed no tears as it would eliminate his most formidable competitor for the Liberal leadership.

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"Out of This World" at the Princess Theatre, Niagara Falls.

Summer Theatre Troubles

Mortality is high and profits always low, but summer theatre is now well entrenched; what it needs is a sense of purpose.

by Nathan Cohen

COBOURG is a small Ontario town so destitute of achievement that it still boasts of being the birthplace of the late Marie Dressler, a one-time film favorite. It has never had a summer theatre, and when the idea was broached early this year of starting one at the local opera house the civic fathers were delighted. Encouraged by this reaction, and by the offer of the town's arts and crafts guild to sponsor them, the producers—a Toronto actor and his wife—hired a company of players and backstage personnel, and consulted carpenters about means of improving the auditorium's appearance. A list of plays was scheduled, and invitations were sent to the critics for the opening performance on July 2.

A few days before the first rehearsal-call for the actors, the producers and their various sponsors met to consider the matter of admission prices. The theatre people brought with them a bulging dossier of data about such relevant questions as the total seating capacity of the house, the estimated weekly overhead, and the net intake required to keep the proceedings solvent. They stated it would be necessary to charge a top admission price of two dollars. They were told this was too much, and that the most anyone could be asked to pay to see "live entertainment" was one dollar.

Arguments and remonstrations followed.

The producers quoted the experience of other summer theatres. The townspeople remained adamant. Negotiations blew up, and the contract for the Cobourg opera house use terminated. The producers are now back in Toronto, wiser in the ways of municipal affairs, and poorer by \$1,500 for their lesson.

The incident is reported here because it points up, in an unusually graphic way, one of the most unpalatable truths about summer theatres—their short life expectancy. True, the Cobourg project was killed before it was born, and yet the producers were fortunate. Better the quick, instant death which befell their venture than the painfully slow demise most summer theatres are condemned to endure.

The corpses which strew what the argot of show business calls the strawhat trail and the citronella circuit are legion. Although no statistics are available on the subject, only a handful of summer theatres can hope to exist for more than five or six years, and very few last half that long under the same management.

By way of illustration, consider the Red Barn at Jackson's Point, Ontario. On paper, it has all the ingredients necessary for summer theatre success: a pleasant location and attractive interior, a large holiday population, and no competition of any kind. These assets notwithstanding, the young man managing the Red Barn this

year is the fifth person to lease it in six years. Another instance is the Garden Centre Theatre in Vineland. Here is an exceptionally handsome playhouse, located in the heart of a busy tourist centre, and within easy motoring reach of people in St. Catharines, Hamilton, and Toronto; yet it has changed management four times in the last four years, and has proved a consistent money-loser.

Despite the high incidence of mortality and the low investment return, the summer theatre movement is now well-entrenched on both sides of the border. Actors' Equity in the United States lists 130 theatres under its jurisdiction, and estimates the existence of at least another 75.

In Ontario, the eight theatres exclusive of the Shakespearean Festivals in Toronto and Stratford, and the four in Quebec, have brought summer activity to an all-time high. The oldest of them is the Brae Manor Playhouse in Knowlton, Quebec, which professes to be 21 years old, but which, for a good portion of that time, was really an amateur organization and served mainly as a school for completely untried acting and directing talent. The other Quebec theatres are the Mountain Playhouse in Montreal, Joy Thomson's Tent Theatre in Mont Gabriel, and a company which has usurped the premises of a curling club in North Hatley. The latter two are first-time ventures, although the colorful Miss Thomson is a veteran of Canadian theatre circles.

A look at the map of summer theatres in Ontario shows several new undertakings, and one conspicuous omission. The disbanding of the Straw Hat Players, after eight years of operation in the Muskoka region, is a matter of considerable regret. In the opinion of many playgoers, including this one, the Straw Hat Players was a model of stock company purpose and programming. Organized by Murray and Donald Davis on the proverbial shoestring, it



Toronto's newest is the Centre Island Playhouse, John Holden (right) directs.

grew into a sturdy professional organization which was a credit to everyone involved. A great many of our ablest performers served their apprenticeship and came to maturity with this company, which was regarded by other companies with envy and admiration. The Straw Hat Players reached its peak in 1952, when playgoers in Port Carling and Gravenhurst were given such diversified fare as a comedy by Christopher Fry, two superior American plays, a new play by a talented Irish writer, and an experimental production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There was an *élan* and a sense of dedication in the Straw Hat Players those days which was unique, and which gave promise of flowering into a genuine Canadian style of acting. But the company was never able to make a go of it economically, and when the Davises decided to open a winter stock company in Toronto, its days were numbered. The irony of its death is that the Davises have never achieved at the Crest Theatre in Toronto anything remotely resembling the excitement and feeling of dramatic purpose which was the cachet of the Straw Hat Players.

Of the new Ontario undertakings, easily the most glamorous is the Princess Theatre in Niagara Falls. Eric Greenwood has converted a seedy neighborhood cinema into a bright, air-conditioned playhouse which specializes in the presentation of American package shows. A package show features a celebrity and a supporting group of actors who travel the summer theatre route in a play especially tailored to the star's talents or recently seen on Broadway. The only tasks of the summer theatre manager are to cast the minor roles, and honor his contractual engagements.

By comparison to the Princess, the new theatre on Centre Island in Toronto and the Trans-Canada stock company performing in London rate as modest affairs. But only by comparison. In their own right, they are quite ambitious.

Like the Princess, the Centre Island Theatre is a remodelled cinema, and draws lustre from the fact that its vice-president and chief director is Andrew Allan of CBC radio prominence. The management, headed by businessman-performer John Pratt, has no star policy but is counting heavily on the audience-lure of such well-known TV personages as Kate Reid, Toby Robins, Jack Creley and Austin Willis. Great stress is being placed, too, on Centre Island's holiday atmosphere: the place is accessible only by ferry.

As for the company in London, it is a conventional organization save that it has plans for winter travel. The idea is that the ten-week period at the Grand, the best proscenium theatre in Canada, will serve the actors as a warm-up for a tour across the country in the fall.

Except for the Princess, which hopes to

include the occasional musical shows, the summer theatres in Ontario and Quebec are confining themselves to straight plays. The only place in Canada which offers a season of musical comedy is in Vancouver, where the famous open-air attraction, Theatre Under the Stars, continues to flourish. Toronto did have its own musical comedy company, Melody Fair, but it expired two summers ago, and though rumors of revival were widespread a few months back, nothing materialized. A pity, because Melody Fair served an admirable purpose, and served it admirably until the shareholders fell out, and a comedy of errors ensued which led irrevocably to calamity. But that's another story.

From the foregoing it would seem that, all things considered, the Canadian summer theatre movement is in a fairly healthy state. But that conclusion must be challenged on a variety of counts, of which the economic instability of the theatres is the least important. Perhaps the best way to approach the question is by noting that, in terms of aspiration and



Andrew Allan also directs at CIP.

purpose, our summer theatres are hardly distinguishable from those in the United States, even though the two movements sprang from quite different sources. Summer theatre began in the United States as a form of chaotic protest against Broadway commercialism. It was only after the Second World War, when increased leisure and the increasing vulgarization of mass taste led to the demand for hinterland presentation of "hit" shows from the Great White Way, that the American summer theatre lost its impetus, and became the tame and submissive appendage of the very commercialism it was originally intended to counter.

For all practical purposes, the Canadian summer theatre also began after the Second World War, but its objective was to lay the foundations for a professional theatre. Until the advent of the Stratford

Shakespearean Festival, summer theatre was, except for the sporadic efforts of companies like the New Play Society and Jupiter Theatre, the only legitimate theatre to be had in Canada which was native.

With all its faults, and despite its lack of air-conditioning, it was vigorous and forward-looking. The companies could have played it safe, and no one would have blamed them. Instead they took flyers on unknown and unfamiliar works, and gambled on the audience response. The now-defunct International Players speculated with a play by Robertson Davies, a company in Oakville included *The Playboy of the Western World* and *The Father* in its bill of fare, and the Straw Hat Players did plays which one way, or another, were a comment on life, and which for that very reason evoked a gratified reaction from the audience. There was an animation about the summer theatre then which certainly is missing from it today.

What has caused the change is, of course, that our summer theatre here now exists in the shadow of more publicized institutions, and the feeling of purpose has gone out of it. One has only to scan the various shows being presented to find abundant confirmation. The names of the companies may differ, and the accommodations may vary in terms of stage facilities, but the plays are pretty well the same, and a deadly-dull lot they are—*The Tender Trap*, *Dear Charles*, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, *Hay Fever*, *The Little Hut*, and so on and so on. Now certainly there is no argument against the inclusion of some such plays in the schedule. The ideal of a good stock company is to present a well-balanced program; it is their preponderance, and the point of view behind their choice, which must be regretted.

The proposition that summer theatre playgoers want only to be lulled into a state of complete euphoria speaks little for the intelligence of both the audience and the producers. It equates the theatre in value with the most casual kind of amusement, and contracts the actors and directors to the dimension of dolls with a singularly limited range of expression.

It may be that the Canadian summer theatres are going through a difficult adjustment forced on them by their change in status, and that the spirit of fatalism burdening them at the moment will be thrown off. It may be. After all, a new generation of theatre people is beginning to appear, and perhaps they will have a bolder and deeper vision. Meanwhile, taking the situation as it is now, our summer theatres are obeying what seems to be the basic law of all Canadian dramatic ventures: to begin well, and then scuttle backward with all the momentum that can be mustered.

Mr. Howe and Parliament

by Leslie Roberts

He has been called many things: Fascist "but a nice Fascist", dictator, wrecker of Parliament, Canada's greatest builder and the indispensable executive. But all agree that he has changed Canada's face.

THE STRANGEST group of words ever put together about the Rt. Hon. Clarence Deatur Howe, Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce and Defence Production, occurs in a mimeographed biography which The Canadian Press sent to its members in 1941, as what the newspaper trade calls "background" on the then Minister of Munitions and Supply.

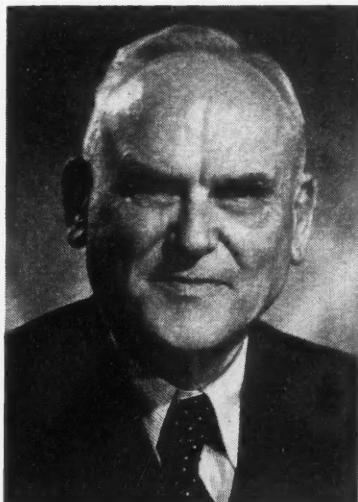
"The Act creating his department," the CP's anonymous author wrote, "gave the Minister the powers of a dictator, for the organization and mobilization of Canada's resources, but the soft-spoken, friendly Minister enlisted the co-operation of Canadian industry without recourse to these powers."

The first half of this statement, down to the word "resources", is factually correct. The part which says Howe didn't use his powers is the kind of nonsense public relations experts write about their masters. It does, however, contain two key words in which there is a considerable content of truth: "soft-spoken" and "friendly". C. D. Howe is each of these with people whom he likes, or whom he considers to be talking sense.

But neither "soft-spoken" nor "friendly" belongs in the public image of the rugged-looking and rugged-acting Member for Port Arthur. Naturally, every assessment of his personality and character varies with the politics of the individual and what he does for a living. But few people outside his circle of friends would use these adjectives to describe the distinguished engineer who abandoned one career at the age of fifty to embark on another—statecraft—as an uninitiated tyro.

The result of this switch (which one old friend has described as "impetuous") has been a one-man impact on Canadian life which may well be greater than that of any individual since Confederation—not excluding Borden, Laurier and King, the last of whom pulled Howe out of a hat, as other magicians extract rabbits.

Many people indubitably agree with the remark of J. M. Macdonnell, the Opposition's financial critic, who once called



Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe.

Howe "a Fascist, but a nice Fascist". Another group, somewhat more irate, would concur with George Drew's complaint in the Commons on June 25 that Howe "has set himself up as a virtual dictator". The word has been used about the Minister on so many occasions that it has lost its originality, if not its sting. At the same time, literally thousands of people look on the man with warm and respectful awe, including practically everybody who has ever worked under him who was not fired for incompetence.

The public image is something else again. Its common form may be found in four words used by a visiting American writer — "swarthy, impatient, sometimes testy". Another reporter described Howe as "impatient with the cumbersome procedures of old-time political administration. He scorns red tape and long, circuitous conferences." Indeed he does.

Most public images are contrived pictures, sometimes by accident but more often by design. Howe's public image is partially composed of each. His enemies have worked on it by design—as when the Opposition twisted what the Minister said in the House in 1945, "A cut of \$1 million in a war appropriation would not be a serious matter", into "What's a million?", a phrase Howe had not used. His personal contributions have been made on innumerable occasions, as often as not by impulsive accident.

From such occasions a legend has

grown, by no means confined to explosions in the presence of tough critics. When Harvey Campbell, Executive Secretary of the Detroit Board of Commerce, charged in 1942 that Howe was blocking the transit of U.S. trucks over Canadian highways to east coast ports, the Minister tartly rejoined: "I have heard of the complaints. They are pure nonsense." And of a parliamentary opponent he once remarked: "He is a man who walks the corridors with a Bible in his hand, a smirk on his face, and a stiletto up his sleeve".

What is certain is that the Liberals didn't know what they were getting when Howe carried Port Arthur from a Tory, a Socialist and a candidate of the long forgotten Reconstruction Party in 1935. When the new government was sworn on October 23, a frequent question around the Hill was "Who's Howe?"

A few knew him. Some of the senior Tories did, because he had built elevators for the Board of Grain Commissioners, under Borden during World War I. Among Liberals, the late Norman Rogers, King's former secretary and new Minister of Labor, could fill in some of the blanks, because Howe had made a name for himself in the former's native Nova Scotia, where he had been Professor of Engineering at Dalhousie University at the age of twenty-two. This was shortly after his graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Nova Scotians in general thought well of Howe. To have been born in Massachusetts — at Waltham, in 1885 — was no stigma. Half the people of the Bay State claim origins in Canada's Maritime Provinces, so the young professor was merely reversing a trend. But if Howe needed credentials east of Moncton, he had them in proof of his lineal descent from Nova Scotia's beloved Joseph Howe. To be able to claim such a relationship still gives a man the right to walk at least two feet off the ground, anywhere between Ingonish and Yarmouth.

When King took office that August, he looked around for a Minister of Railways and Canals and a Minister of Marine who possessed qualifications other than political regularity. Howe was given both portfolios and within the year had taken the new title of Minister of Transport.

In the four years which intervened between his first election and the outbreak of war, Howe organized the National Harbors Board to administer the country's seven major ports, took a hard look at the CNR and disposed of huge hunks of "fictitious debt", established Trans Canada Airlines, and shaped the CBC in approximately its present form.

Ideas may have been brought to him from the railway, the aviation people or the broadcasters. Some were accepted, some rejected. If he told a man to go

ahead, he meant just that, and didn't pester him with chits every morning to inquire how he might be getting along. But the big decisions were Howe's.

By the time war was declared in 1939, Clarence Decatur Howe was the strong man of the administration — a man not much addicted to the compromises of politics and with little love of protocol. In baseball he would be called a "take charge guy". But so far he had just been taking batting-practice.

On April 9, 1940, C. D. Howe was sworn as Minister of Munitions and Supply, a job his political enemies say he has held ever since under various names—Reconstruction, Reconstruction and Supply, and latterly Defence Production. The suggestion, of course, is that he has always wanted "dictatorial powers". Howe would probably retort that all he ever wants is power to act.

In any case, he now had the power and used it. "Soft-spoken" and "friendly" he may well have been with willing collaborators, but woe betide the industrialist who was reluctant to convert his plant from consumer-goods production to wartime needs, and woe betide the dollar-a-year man borrowed from a great corporation who failed to grapple successfully with the problems dumped in his lap. Howe was now the dictator of Canada's industrial machine. He ran it. And he made it hum.

The new Minister took off from a standing start. At the outset Canada had no industrial war-potential worth mentioning. When the war ended we had not only equipped our own forces, but had given away to allies more *matériel* per capita than any member of the alliance—not excluding the United States. In building and running this vast machine, Howe was probably the happiest man in the country. Ottawa's seams were bursting with dollar-a-year men who couldn't sleep nights, who suffered migraine headaches and whose blood pressures soared. Not Howe. Though he spent upwards of \$10 billion of the taxpayers' money, acted as overseer of 28 Crown companies, built war plants and needled great corporations into immense expansion programs with promises of fast write-offs, he still had time for ancillary tasks.

The latter ranged from sitting in on the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and helping to organize the Atlantic bomber ferry scheme to membership in the British Supply Council.

Later he became Canadian representative on the Combined Production and Resources Board, an omnibus committee which spread war production around the U.S., U.K. and Canada in the places best equipped to handle special tasks. Here, as wherever he goes, blunt speech plunged him into hot water, from which he emerged showing no signs of scalding.

In 1945, Howe predicted an immediate cutback of about 35 per cent in arms production as soon as Germany quit. A man named Batcheller, Chief of Operations of the U.S. War Production Board, immediately denied the statement in the press, in terms not designed to flatter the Canadian representative. The cutback happened—approximately one day after Germany folded.

When King appointed C. D. as Minister of Reconstruction late in 1944, the latter announced that he expected to be a Displaced Person in about three years — a statement he has now been disproving for twelve.

The cold war and Korea postponed the first serious political attacks on the powers he had wielded, and in large degree still wields. Not until 1955 did he collide



W. L. M. King: Other qualifications.

head-on with the combined Oppositions. The occasion was a Bill to continue his emergency powers as Defence Production Minister virtually *sine die*—the right to seize plants, to allocate commodities and to force industries to accept defence contracts.

The Conservatives started the first major filibuster of their years in the wilderness, and the word most often heard was "dictator". Howe listened for a while, then packed his bags and went fishing. Before leaving, however, he informed the Prime Minister that a three-year extension of the powers would be satisfactory, and to end the Tory talkathon the Government let it slip out. The filibuster subsided. Howe got his three years of grace. But he came hurrying back to Ottawa in a mood which friends have described as "madder than hell".

He has had first-class rows with ministerial colleagues — and at least some of them he has lost. Moreover, there is ample proof that he has never coveted the premiership.

It is fair to say that Howe wants to direct the government's trade policies and

to have full charge of defence production. He is not much concerned with what happens in other departments of government, but brooks no intervention in his own affairs. He seldom speaks in the House on matters outside his bailiwick.

The bitter argument over the Trans-Canada pipeline will echo around the provinces for much time to come. In its parliamentary aspects no political party, and few individual Members, have reason for self-congratulation.

Howe had been trying to find a way to build this pipeline for at least five years. Those billions of cubic feet of natural gas burning off uselessly over the fields of Alberta, for lack of transportation to market, galled his orderly soul. Finally he came up with an answer.

That he realized it was not going to be popular in Opposition quarters (not to mention with some of his colleagues) is suggested by the fact that he took his time about getting his enabling legislation down to the House, and then confronted the Members with a sharp deadline. The Opposition had said publicly that it would filibuster to the last possible moment. Howe responded with a closure motion before debate even began—and so matters went, right down to the wire. None of it made a pretty picture of democracy at work.

This was the Howe of whom it has been written: "He is impatient with the democratic processes of government and hates to explain himself to Parliament, which he considers a waste of time". What still has not been explained, and may never be, is whether he actually dislikes the parliamentary process, as such, or can't abide explaining his actions to people he doesn't happen to like.

But this is also the Howe who foresaw the future of uranium and may well have started Canada on the way to become the world's greatest producer of the raw material of the atomic age. It is the Howe who created the synthetic rubber industry, the Howe who backed the National Research Council to the limit, who built a transcontinental air system.

There may also be another Howe, whose own words explain him. At one stage of the Pipeline Debate he replied to an Opposition questioner: "Perhaps I get over-enthusiastic over a project. I have been working on sizable projects all my life and somehow I reach a point in the development of a project where I begin to think it is important, and if it is a serious-enough project, then I begin to think it is the most important thing in the world."

The sophisticates scoffed. One called it "the great confession scene". Don't be too sure. The cynics' "confession" may well have been a revelation of the inner workings of the complicated man who is Clarence Decatur Howe.

It's sparkling light...



It's dry...

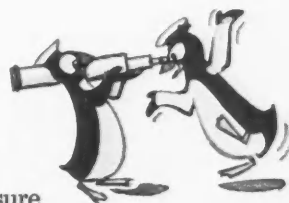


...and



bright!

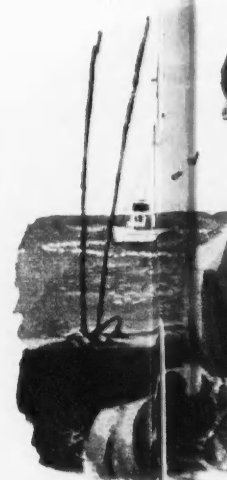
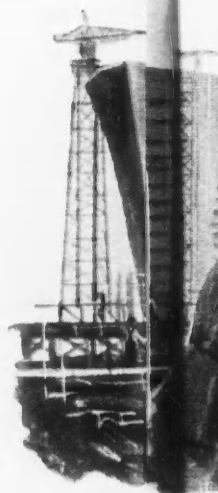
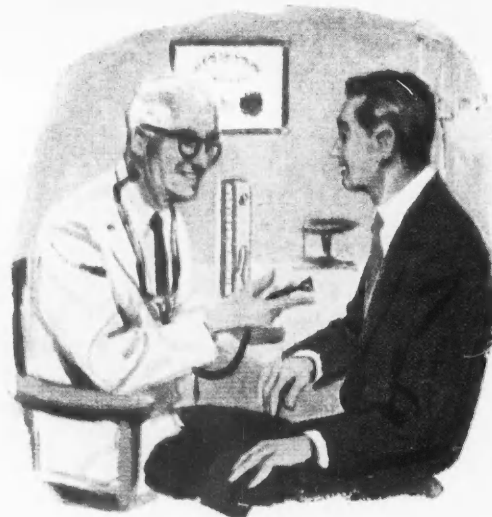
It's CROWN & ANCHOR lager beer



The gay Crown & Anchor
label signals a promise of pleasure
this lager beer fulfills.

It's light and bright for cheery
refreshment — the DRY
beer you'll call MY beer!

a product of MOLSON'S Brewers since 1786






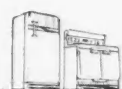


How our \$400,000,000 "Spend at Home" policy pays off for all Canadians ... and that means YOU too!

More money in the pockets of Canadians all across the land is one result of the General Motors policy of buying at home.

Every year GM spends over \$400,000,000 on Canadian payrolls and on supplies bought in Canada. This money eventually filters back to every part of our national economy and the resulting increased buying power affects *everyone*. All across Canada . . . business and professional men, farmers, miners, engineers, fishermen, pulp and paper workers . . . *everyone* benefits, by the tremendous boost the Canadian economy gets each year from General Motors spending.

GM is able to spend this vast amount for one reason — and one only: General Motors VALUE. We are able to build this famous "GM Value" into all our products by reason of modern manufacturing methods, intensive research, and careful purchasing. Canadians recognize value when they see it — and buy GM products.

GENERAL MOTORS in Canada

			
General Motors of Canada Limited Oshawa and Windsor	Frigidaire Products of Canada, Limited Leaside and Scarborough	General Motors Diesel Limited London	The McKinnon Industries Limited St. Catharines and Grantham Twp.

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

BOOKS

The Soaring Penguin

by Robertson Davies

THIS MONTH Penguin Books celebrates its twenty-first birthday; it was on July 3, 1935 that the first ten books in this library, which now numbers about 2,000 volumes, made their modest appearance. Everybody knows the Penguins now, and virtually everybody wishes them well. This article is an instance of the goodwill which has been shown this publishing venture by the press in general; the Penguins do no newspaper advertising, and yet the periodical press has been warm in their support—an interesting comment, by the way, on that body of opinion which holds that book critics are the cringing slaves of advertising managers. It may be that some publishers of hard-cover books, at hard-cover prices, dislike the Penguins, but they must be few by now. Most publishers of repute have arrangements with the Penguin people for cheap reprints of their own successful books; to be included in the Penguins gives an author a cachet which is valuable when his new books appear.

The company marks its majority by bringing out nine volumes of John Buchan, comprising the cream of that portion of his writing which he calls his "shockers", and which include the adventures of Richard Hannay, Sandy Arbuthnot, Edward Leithen, Dickson McCunn, Peter Pienaar and the other Buchan heroes.

Frankly, I never liked these books very much when I first read them as a boy, and looking them over again I like them even less. They affect me as do most detective stories: the ingenuity of the plot and the excitement of the chase do not make up to me for the fact that the characters are thin and elusive; I cannot care what happens to them because I am never permitted to know them. These defenders of the Empire, loaded to the gunwales with honor and sportsmanship, and these tiresome girls, all described as "boyish", are wraiths; no clear picture of any one of them is ever conjured up.

As heroes go, they are nicer fellows than the heroes of popular stories of action today—nicer than Mike Hammer, for instance. Buchan's heroes are extraordinarily clean—as clean, that is to say, as cold water can make them, for they scorn hot baths; Mike Hammer is pretty dirty, and regards a bath as a way of getting out of a hangover. Buchan's heroes are shyly gallant toward women, and their women

are mettlesome, boyish types who bar love and all that rot unless the wooer is an important figure in the Secret Service; Mike Hammer regards women as his natural prey, and the women he meets are all in a state of round-the-clock tumescence. A Buchan hero must take his man like a sportsman, and in *Mr. Standfast* Richard Hannay refuses to shoot Moxon Ivery sitting, though if Ivery escapes the Allies may lose the war; Mike Hammer likes to kill with his bare hands, as painfully as possible.

Yet these heroes of an earlier day are not so unlike the heroes of today as these external circumstances might suggest. Buchan's heroes were usually fighting a lone battle against an enemy, by means which the law would not have countenanced. They were supported by a superior morality—bolstered up with snippets from the classics and *Pilgrim's Progress*—which enabled them to think that anything they did in support of their cause, was right. And their cause was the cause of the Good Chaps, the Fine-Plucked 'Uns, everywhere. Mike Hammer and his colleagues profess the same somewhat dubious philosophy. The law is too slow for them. They are, for all their drunkenness, bad manners and general frowiness, the Good Guys who are going to punish the Bad Guys.

The Penguin Books, however, are not going to stand or fall by their nine volumes of Buchan, and even if they were, I think that my feeling about Buchan is a minority one. This library offers, at a present price of sixty cents a volume in Canada,



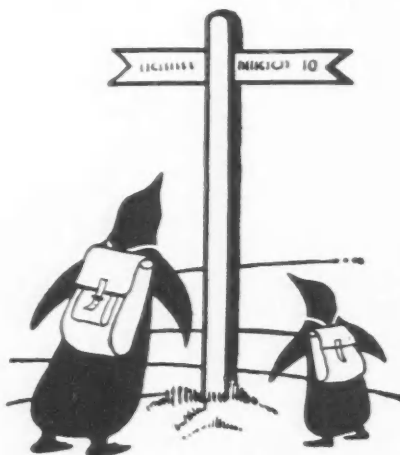
John Buchan: Defender of Empire.

such riches that anybody who is not in grinding poverty can possess a collection of the best modern fiction, a fine selection of classics, a good group of art-books, musical scores of several much-played works, and a good many excellent books on philosophy, current affairs, psychology and religion which are not available in any other edition. How was it done?

The company, which is a private one, began with a capital of one hundred pounds, but with an understanding of public taste which cannot be reckoned as worth less than a million. That understanding can be summed up very briefly. No Trash. The Penguin list is now a long one but there is not a book on it which has not a real claim to merit. It is not a highbrow list; its fiction choices are catholic, and range from Aldous Huxley's witty asperities to the soft-focus thinking of Hugh Walpole; there is a big choice of detective fiction; there is Thomas Mann and P. G. Wodehouse; but everything is good of its kind.

Further, the company has striven for typographical excellence so far as its format allows. The type and paper are good, and the decorations, where these exist, are excellent. The books themselves, in their orange-and-white, or blue-and-white covers, have a pleasant, welcoming appearance; nobody need feel shame at producing one from his pocket.

These things count, and I for one have never been able to understand why some other publishers of pocket books in cheap editions do not grasp that simple, important fact. At the risk of appearing as a Pollyanna, I should like to go on record as saying that, of the people who read books, most will choose a good one rather than a bad one if they have a choice, and that most are flattered by good typography.



Penguins: Hardy travellers.

The reading public is a big one and it is not predominantly stupid.

The history of the Penguin venture is contained in a volume called *The Penguin Story*, which I found of great interest. It tells, among other things, of the attempt of the Penguin people to get their idea across in the U.S.A. in 1939; the American branch simply would not stick to Penguin tactics, presumably because it did not believe that public taste can be good. Consequently that venture had to be scrapped, until the British firm could launch its own subsidiary in 1950. Although some good paper-bound libraries have appeared in the U.S.A. during the past two or three years, nothing like Penguin has emerged, and most of the product is the luridly-covered, nastily-printed trash which can be seen in drug-stores.

These firms aim at the moron-dollar, and presumably they get it. But Penguin has put itself alongside Oxford's *World's Classics* and Dent's *Everyman Library* as a series valuable to scholars, students and every kind of intelligent general reader. It is a continual reassuring factor in this turbulent world to find how many intelligent general readers there are. They exist even in Canada, a land which, according to some recent library statistics, appears to share with the U.S.A. the distinction of being the worst-read country in the world.

Having said so much in praise of Penguin, I hope I shall be excused for ending with a personal complaint. Why does this series allow some of its books to go out of print, and stay out of print? Is there no call for that lovely King Penguin, *The Poet's Corner* by Max Beerbohm? Yes, there is; I have been calling for it, vainly, in bookshops here and abroad for eight years. I want a copy and there is none to be had. There must be others who want it. And what about *Before The Bombardment* by Osbert Sitwell, surely one of the finest satirical novels in the English language? Before it went out of print I gave copies to everyone I met who seemed the sort of person who would like it; I am sure I gave away more than a dozen. Why can I do so no more? This series, which has won so much gratitude from readers of all kinds, can win still more by keeping these rarities in print, and enabling us to be lavish bestowers of books without needing a millionaire's income.

The Penguin Story by Sir William Emrys Williams—pp. 124 and many illustrations—Penguin—25c.

The Thirty-Nine Steps, Greenmantle, Huntingtower, The Three Hostages, The House of the Four Winds, the Island of Sheep, Castle Gay, John Macnab by John Buchan—Penguin—60c.

Mr. Standfast—80c.



"Credit Union has encouraged savings all along the line"

**reports Captain Herbert Spencer Jones, Operations
Manager, Maritime Central Airways**

STILL a young company—it was started in 1942 in Charlottetown, P.E.I.—MCA is today Canada's largest independent freight operator and third in scheduled airline activities. The growth of MCA Credit Union has been equally as rapid—400 members, saving over \$700 a month, in less than two years. "Since its inception, our Credit Union has helped many employees over difficult financial periods, and encouraged savings all along the line," says Captain Jones.

A Credit Union is simply a group of people who save together for greater financial security. Their savings pay good returns, and from them they are able to make loans to each other at low cost.

All you need to start a Credit Union is a group of 50 or more people with some common interest, such as employment in the same company. The Credit Union is set up right where you work, and run by your own members.

There are Credit Unions in most of Canada's best-known companies, and in helping employees solve money problems they spare management many problems, too. Requests for pay advances and wage garnishments become rare. Absenteeism is reduced and efficiency increased. Everyone benefits through this form of financial self-help, which is warmly endorsed by management, labour, government and church.

You and your company will benefit, too. We will be glad to give you details of how easy it is to organize and operate a credit union if you write to:

Credit Union, Department S-6,
Box 65, Hamilton, Ont.

MCA aircraft operate in all weathers, with pilots specially trained to handle the tricky flying conditions of Canada's far north. Last year, MCA planes flew over 3 million miles—equal to once 'round the world every 3 days.

Officers of MCA Credit Union chat with Personnel Manager W. F. Gaudet, in centre. In the Western Hemisphere there are nearly 20,000 credit unions, with 10,000,000 members enjoying easy, profitable savings and low-cost loans right where they work.



FILMS

D Day Is Lover's Day

by Mary Lowrey Ross

EVENTUALLY, no doubt, we will have a war picture that will illuminate some segment of the late conflict in fresh and stirring terms. There is, heaven knows, enough documentation, since no event in history has ever had so many articulate witnesses. Probably there has been too much documentation and this may be the reason that screen producers tend to fall back on safe and familiar formulae. Under this simplified scheme, everything, including the war itself, becomes expendable; everything, that is, except the lovers, whose fate naturally crowds the destiny of Europe out of the picture. So in *The Sixth of June*, the fate of armies is made to seem far less urgent than the survival of Robert Taylor, storming the coast of Normandy while Dana Wynter watches the sky from her casement window, just as Mrs. Miniver watched from her casement window while Mr. Miniver rescued the Army at Dunkirk.

Tolstoi managed to present the Napoleonic invasion of Russia without allowing Natasha and Prince Andre to crowd Napoleon or obscure the burning of Moscow. But *War and Peace* has still to be filmed and it will be a bold producer who will allot Emperor Bonaparte or General Kutusov comparative space with Marilyn Monroe.

Since I haven't yet read Lionel Shapiro's *The Sixth of June*, I don't know how far the screen version follows the original.



James Justice and Donald Sinden.

Certainly the picture conforms to standard pattern closely enough to suggest that a large part of author Shapiro's actual wartime experience had to be shelved. The Dieppe raid comes into it, but it takes place off-screen and figures largely as the reason for the hero's breaking a dinner date. The climax involves some glimpses of the Normandy beach landing and the scaling of *Festung Europa*, but the rest of the picture has to do with the roman-



Virginia McKenna, Geoffrey Hawkins.

tic difficulties of a British Red Cross worker (Dana Wynter), engaged to a British officer (Richard Todd) and in love with an American one (Robert Taylor).

They are all incredibly stiff-lipped, and the lovers engage in the sort of romantic interchange that Bruce Bairnsfather had already learned to parody in World War I. ("Remember that the same moon will be shining down on us both", etc.). Robert Taylor, an old veteran of the studio wars, acts like a man grimly working out his contract. Richard Todd, as officer, patriot and lover, conducts himself with a rectitude unflinching enough to scare even a British heroine. The centre of the conflict, Dana Wynter, is a pretty girl who may make an acceptable actress once she learns not to bat her beautiful eyes in moments of emotional crisis.

A Town Like Alice, a rather belated English war film, also follows a familiar pattern—the trap formula, which takes a



Dana Wynter and Robert Taylor.

group of assorted characters, fixes them in some inescapable situation (anything from a stalled elevator to a desert ambush) and then makes its plot revolve about their varying degrees of fortitude. They need plenty of fortitude in the picture, since they are a group of English women caught by the advancing Japanese Army in Malaya. The film, fairly absorbing in the early sequences, settles down eventually to a steady slogging across malarial marshlands and by the time the remnant of the company has trekked across the entire Peninsula the audience is almost as depleted as the survivors. Virginia McKenna, Marie Lohr and Peter Finch are the more prominent stars in the cast. They seem to be people of impressive stamina.

An Alligator Named Daisy has to do with the misadventures of a young composer (Donald Sinden) who has a full-grown alligator forced upon him by an alcoholic stranger. He makes unavailing efforts to sell, donate, or merely lose Daisy, who invariably turns up on his doorstep, and eventually makes her appearance at the engagement party arranged for the hero by his fiancée's wealthy father (James Robertson Justice). Everything winds up with a grand alligator fair, which happens unfortunately to coincide with the alligator mating season. This may not strike you as particularly funny on paper, and as a matter of fact it isn't particularly funny on celluloid either. However, it is possible to enjoy it to some extent, if you don't mind a prolonged and continuous poking in the ribs.

Come Next Spring restores Ann Sheridan to the screen, this time in the company of Steve Cochran. Though noticeably more mature, Miss Sheridan is still handsome enough to be striking, even in the house-dresses and cow-breakfast hats she is condemned to in this picture.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"ONE LETTER for you, dear," said Mary, handing her husband an envelope with a familiar design in the corner.

"Well, I paid the account last week," laughed Jack, using his pen as a paper-knife, "so it can't be very alarming." But a moment later he cursed, luridly and with emphasis, "I guess those guys have got it in for me," he said, "first at the office and now at home." For some seconds Jack's language was unprintable, and then he explained: "They changed the exchange to Empire and that cost me a packet, and now they're changing our number here!"

"But it'll likely be to improve the service," suggested Mary soothingly, "and anyway what is the change?"

"That's the silly part of it," growled her husband, "as we'll have the same four figures, but the first two will be reversed and the last two will also be reversed." He looked at the notice again: "And the big change will be that our new number will be two-thirds of what we have now."

It did seem a lot of fuss for such a small alteration, but there was probably some good reason for it. Maybe you can figure out what the new telephone number was to be.

(27)

Answer on Page 38.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

TO HIS BEAUTIFUL home at Lakewood, NJ, Alain White invited twenty-two Good Companions on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1916, mainly to see his great classified collection. At that time it numbered about 125,000 problems. A pretty feature at the luncheon was the dedication of two three-move problems to the club, the delightful one below being placed in the centre of a painting depicting three Good Companions solving problems in Barcelona in 1266.

Solution of Problem No. 144.

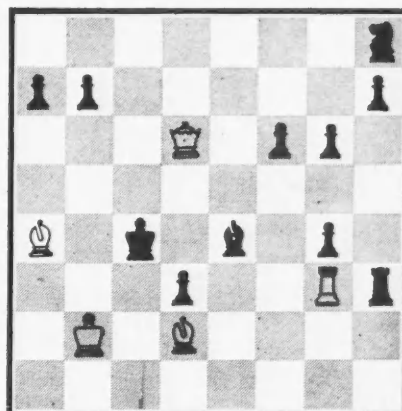
Key-move 1.Q-QB1, threatening 2.Q-B4 mate. If K-K3ch; 2.Kt-B5 mate. If

K-Q5ch; 2.Kt-Kt5 mate. If B-B8; 2.KtxR mate. If R-K5; 2.Kt-B5 mate.

This is a gem cross-checker of Meredith proportions, twelve pieces or less. The main interest centres on the last variation above.

Problem No. 145, by M. Marble and A. White.

White mates in three.



It's Not All Greek

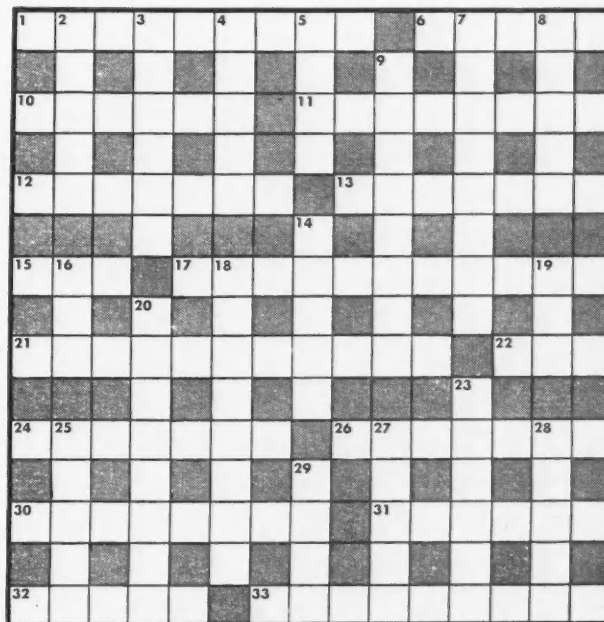
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

- 1, 31 Venus de Milo had to bid it in novel fashion. (1, 8, 2, 4)
- 6, 4 Going round, won't take the wrong turning in this direction. (5, 5)
- 10 A nude's so sweet but cold as ice. (6)
- 11 Trips over taking a bow. (8)
- 12 The saint plays dice? He almost gambles when he does. (7)
- 13 Repels, when sisters are improperly made up. (7)
- 15 Letter of metaphysical importance in Greece. (3)
- 17 May cause a poet to sweat at mealtimes. (5, 6)
- 21 What changes take place at the beginning of the year! (7, 4)
- 22 See 16
- 24 Does he entrance you when appearing at the opening? (7)
- 26 Cries out for an alternative in shell-fish. (7)
- 30 These are reforming little gentlemen. (8)
- 31 See 1
- 32 Read him and go to hell! (5)
- 33 Resulting from shoots in the vineyard? (9)

DOWN

- 2 The Devil take him! He did! (5)
- 3 Is it Sophie Tucker's favorite food, mamma? (3, 3)
- 4 See 6
- 5 Hello, beautiful! You've got it! (4)
- 7 It's the devil to start stamps of this type. (8)
- 8 I shot up by this means. (5)
- 9 A wee pest in the garden? (8)
- 14 The way 13 makes ends meet is not necessary. (5)
- 16, 22, 19 It may need a change of water to make this. (3, 3, 3)
- 18 Adornment for the battle of the sexes? (3, 5)
- 19 See 16
- 20 You'll never be in wrong if you are (or will you?) (8)
- 23 An honored painter in a bad mess—and he daubs as well, no doubt. (6)
- 25 The last letter home gaped open revealing its enclosure. (5)
- 27 What I put up with under 50! (3, 2)
- 28 What's in a name? It's me or nothing. (5)
- 29 European river used by ferry services. (4)



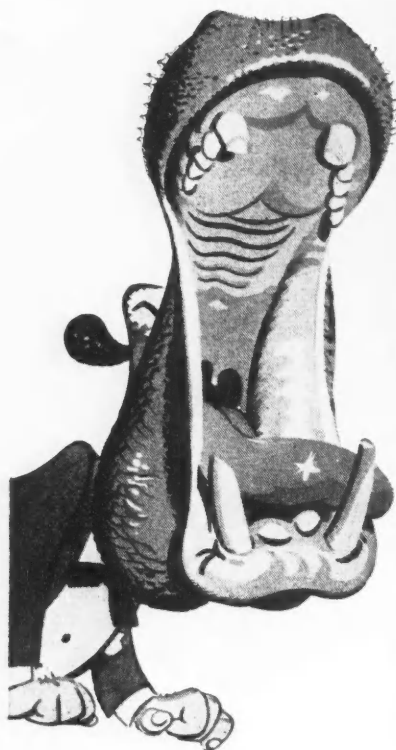
Solution to last puzzle

- ACROSS
- 1 Passage of arms
 - 10 Ingenious
 - 11 Annul
 - 12 Suicide
 - 13 Animate
 - 14 Engages
 - 16 Gunners
 - 17 Solomon
 - 20 Testers
 - 24 Decades

- 25 Created
 - 26 Theme
 - 27 Head-dress
 - 28 Animal spirits
- DOWN
- 2 Angling
 - 3 Sinking
 - 4 Glove
 - 5 Onslaught
 - 6 Arabian

- 7 Montage
- 8 Tissue
- 9 Fliers
- 15 Seneschal
- 17 Sedate
- 18 Lectern
- 19 Mid-term
- 21 Spender
- 22 Entreat
- 23 Sadist
- 25 Cramp (394)

Thirsty?



... TRY A PILSENER

When your unslaked throat feels like this there's a treat in store for you IF you keep Pilsener on hand! Gratefully you savour this clean refreshing beer as slowly it trickles down that parched and dusty passage. Labatt's Pilsener, of course, is the internationally famous brew, lighter than ale, drier than lager, ideal for quenching thirst. Call for it in your favourite hotel or tavern . . . keep a case at home—you never know when you'll have a thirst that deserves Pilsener.

The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters of seven other breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.



Not everything that carries the hi-fi tag produces fine sound—but many people are quite happy with loud noise, don't want faithful reproduction.

How Hi the Fi?

by Hugh Thomson

SALES OF PHONOGRAPHS continue to rocket, fuelled to a great extent by the public's passion for High Fidelity.

In 1953, 75,507 record-players were sold in the Dominion. In 1954, sales climbed to 115,550. For each of those years 11 million Canadian-pressed records passed over dealers' counters—and that's not counting substantial import sales, especially from the United Kingdom.

There are no official figures for 1955, but spokesmen for the phonograph and record industries report the boom continues apace. Of course, it's impossible to tell how many gramophones and records sold could be classified by the elusive term, "high fidelity", but the hi-fi craze patently is the cause of the unprecedented sale of record-players and discs.

One day, "a friend of a friend" called to report he'd just sunk \$3,000 in hi-fi equipment and wanted me to come right over and lend a professional ear to it. I could tell from the "ping" in his voice he was in a state of great elation, and no matter what I said about his set, he'd go on loving it, madly.

It generated all kinds of sound and fury but distorted everything so badly I could hardly bear to listen to it. My host, however, was entranced.

"Isn't it out of this world?" he gushed. With bare-faced equivocation I heartily agreed. Certainly the case housing it was exquisite cabinet-making. That's all the good woman of the house cared about. She regarded the hi-fi sounds issuing from the interior as her husband's harmless aberration.

All I can say is that if ever he acquires a love of music and comes to recognize the true sound of it, he'll bring action against the fellow who sold him the set. But, then, the rule of "let the buyer beware" would probably apply, because he bought it with his ears wide open.

What's the moral I'm trying to point? Simply this: the "hi-fi" slogan will gyp you if you don't watch out. Don't get the notion that because a phonograph is so labelled, you're automatically getting the ultimate in modern, wide-range reproduction and keeping up with the hi-fi Joneses. I have seen little portable phonographs — the merest acoustical toys — bearing the tag "hi-fi".

It's a misleading term, especially since it's so indiscriminately used these days of almost any phonograph. It's like the "secret formula" for some dentifrice said to kill unpleasant breath with the first good pasting in the mouth. You may be a faithful user and still have halitosis if the trouble's in your teeth or tummy.

You may be tempted to buy a machine ballyhooed to the sky — and how high the hi-fi sky! — that gives off an offensive sound to anyone who knows and loves music.

As with anything else, there are good, bad and indifferent phonographs on the market. All you should expect of a home system is a reasonable facsimile of the concert hall or opera house.

What you get with many hopped-up, custom-made systems of the ultra hi-fi variety is the effect of sitting in the front

row of a wide-screen movie theatre, where you see all the flickers and grain in the film and hear the little extraneous splutters and crackling from the soundtrack—not to mention the loss of perspective and illusion at such close range.

When a trumpet and a saxophone sound an "A", you could tell the difference, blindfolded, by each instrument's tone-quality or "timbre". Both are sounding the same fundamental tone, but each is giving off a different set of partial tones called "harmonics"; and these harmonics give each instrument its distinctive "voice".

What a good many of the so-called hi-fi reproducers do is upset the natural balance of the harmonics, thus distorting timbres.

I'm not for a moment suggesting that sellers of stock or custom phonographs are out to dupe the unsuspecting public. It's likely they will have more good than bad phonographs to show you. It's up to you to separate the wheat from the chaff, and frequently the chaff comes higher than the wheat.

But, you'll say, who am I to express these iconoclastic views? I have been going to concerts ever since I was a child and, for the past decade or so, as a professional critic. By now I feel I should have a fair idea of how a symphony orchestra, chamber group, opera company or jazz band sounds "in the flesh". I have yet to meet a hi-finatic who is any kind of concert-goer. What, I should like to know, is his yardstick for measuring "high-fidelity" reproduction of music?

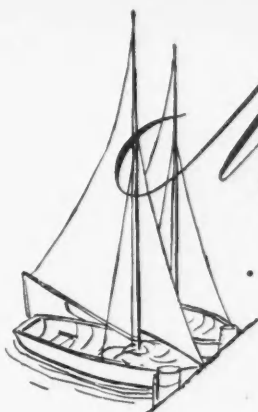
Take these fellows who sit beside their Rube Goldberg hi-fi assemblies by the hour listening to tissue-paper-thin strings, piercing piccolos and the tiny triangle at the back of the orchestra coming through their hot-rod systems with the ring of the smithy's anvil. They aren't really interested in bringing good music, faithfully reproduced, into their homes. They crave bizarre sounds.

You don't need a machine that will knock your head off at the first *fortissimo*. What then should you look for in a modern phonograph at a reasonable price? First, get the salesman to play something you know fairly well, such as a familiar overture—not a weird series of sounds from a "demonstration record".

Listen to the strings of the orchestra. Do they sound round, full, natural? High-priced distorters produce disagreeably edgy or paper-thin effects from strings through tampering with harmonics, accentuating some and filtering out others.

Get the salesman to play a good piano recording. Everybody knows the sound of a piano. Does it project into the room or sound trapped in and gramophony? Listen as it's being played, from the top of its range to the bottom, for fuzziness or boomy bass that overpowers the treble.

The hi-fi "bug" looks with utmost dis-

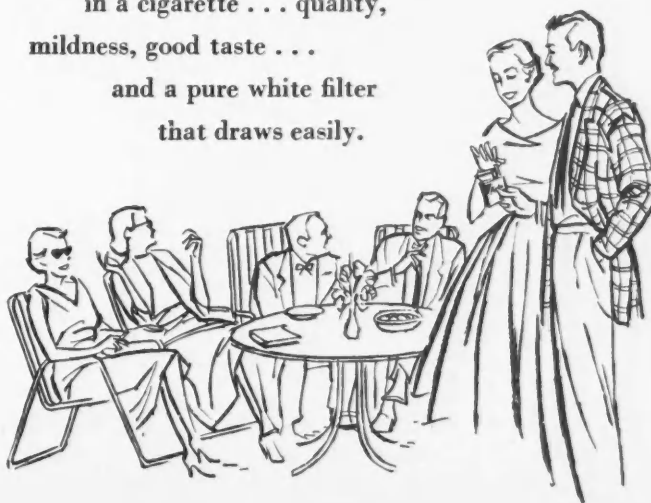


Matinée

...A SELECT CIGARETTE

FOR DISCERNING PEOPLE

Discerning smokers
are discovering that Matinée
has all the refinements they look for
in a cigarette... quality,
mildness, good taste...
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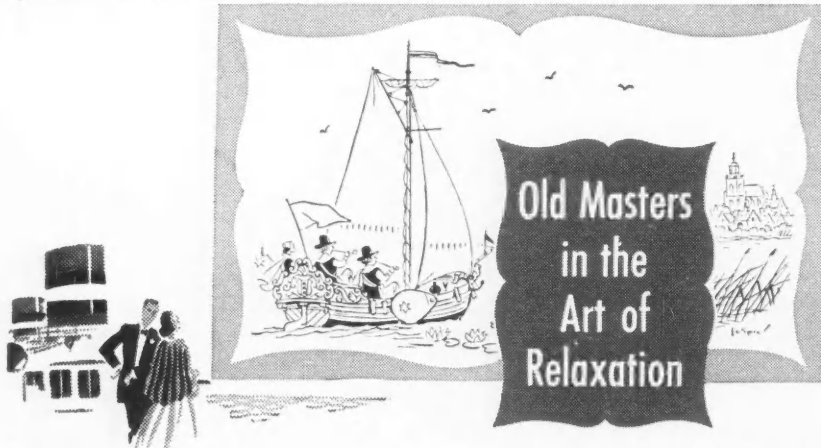
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dain on ready-made phonographs, and insists on matching component parts and assembling his own system. This is a lot of nonsense.

I have a machine I bought, after a good deal of shopping around, for slightly under \$500. That was a couple of years ago, moreover, when prices were higher than they are now. It came from a reputable factory assembly-line. The cabinet, like the sound it produces, is handsomely simple. The style is "Chinese modern", consisting of blond mahogany with bamboo trim. My wife fell in love with it and I with the sound reproduction.

My living-room is enhanced by it as a piece of furniture and I have a machine that reduces the sound of a symphony, opera or concert grand, but practically everything is audible in sweet proportion, with some illusion of perspective and natural timbres. The hi-finatic would find its reproduction unsensational, to say the least. By the same token, I'd undoubtedly wince at his hot-rod assembly, complete with "woofers", "tweeters" and the rest of it.

The grandpappy of all high-fidelity recording, Leopold Stokowski, now records with a smallish orchestra in a large ballroom in Manhattan that is stripped of all panels for reducing reverberation and of absorbing surfaces.

"I have in mind the home listener," he told me. "I realize he is hearing concert-hall music in his living-room." You'll notice he favors a good deal of hall resonance. This gives the illusion of spacious sound and, at the same time, avoids overloading the average home gramophone, which distorts above a certain volume level.

Buy a phonograph that will play comfortably in your home. People who play their sets at a volume that gets a whole city block up in arms aren't — couldn't be — musical. They must be victims of repressions of Freudian implications.

I shall never forget the time I fell victim to one of these fellows with a high-powered, low-fidelity machine. He played on it the overture to the opera, "Hansel and Gretel". It's a pretty piece, filled with tunes you want to whistle, and these are interwoven by the composer's art into a bright, nursery-rhyme tapestry. Toward the close the music becomes joyous and loud cymbals punctuate its strains.

With the first of these cymbal-crashes my host was out of his chair and exclaiming: "Listen to those cymbals! They're right in the room with us!" He couldn't care less about the music. It turned out he'd bought the record just for those crashes.

"Look," I suggested, "at far less cost you could buy a pair of cymbals and crash them to your heart's content."

"But why," he countered, "when I can get 'em hi-fi?"

BUSINESS

Hot Weapons in the Retail War

by Salem Katz

LITTLE GREEN, red and blue stamps are providing the ammunition in the hottest retailing battle in postwar Canada.

Blasted by their opponents as a "crazy idea" and an "appeal to stupidity", trading stamps are turning the Canadian retail business upside down. One merchant brands them "the ultimate weapon".

In the United States, an estimated 40 million families now save trading stamps. In Canada, the stamps slipped into the Maritimes last August, have currently hit Central Canada with the force of a summer squall, and are reported ready to invade Winnipeg and Vancouver before September.

Trading stamps are an old idea.

Customers are given a specified number of stamps for every dollar's worth of goods they buy, can later exchange them for electric toasters, mixers, chinaware or other merchandise. Used on and off again for 75 years, they've found new and astonishing acceptance in the last three years.

A half century ago trading stamps were made illegal in Canada after American promoters had sold thousands of stamps here but failed to redeem them before skipping the country with their profits.

Most sensational success with the stamps this year was in the Ottawa Valley where 95 IGA stores reported weekly sales gains of up to 75 per cent after the stamps' introduction.

Variations on the stamp-theme were introduced earlier this year by Steinberg's Ltd. (who sell a five-cent coupon for every 50-cent purchase), and Loblaw's (selling a five-cent coupon with every 25-cent purchase). Other food stores offer premiums based on cash register receipts, thereby eliminating the need for stamps or stamp handling. Some stores offer self-liquidating premiums such as a \$4.98 aluminum chair regularly priced \$6.50, with every \$5.00 order.

Trading stamps are being promoted in non-grocery lines, too. Largest of three Toronto stamp firms, the Lucky Bonus Trading Co., has been operating over the past four months through 200 gasoline stations, dry cleaners, clothing, hardware

Who's Right?

"Gimmicks like trading stamps divert people from sound buying habits."

"A racket, bound to add two per cent on the food bills of Canadians."

"Stamp sales have traffic-building ability, create customer loyalty and lower credit cost."

"Once volume of sales rises 13 per cent, the plan pays for itself."

and independent food stores. But opposition is vehement.

"A racket" bound to add a two per cent "tax" on the food bill of Canadians and cut down the return to the farmer, was what President Thomas G. McCormack of the Dominion Stores chain angrily called them at the stockholders' annual meeting in June.

"People are fooled by premiums, stamps and give-aways. They offer the emotional appeal of something for nothing," asserts Mrs. A. G. Volpe, a vice-president of the Ontario branch of the Canadian Association of Consumers.

A legal battle is shaping up. The Retail Merchants Association has protested use of the stamps to Raoul Mercier, crown attorney of Carleton County, where IGA is operating its plan. RMA also has briefs currently before the attorneys-general of the three Maritime provinces, setting out how stamps are being operated there.

Several stamp companies, representing both American and Canadian capital, are said to be waiting on the sidelines for a case to come before a Canadian court. "I know we'll win," says a promoter. "But only a court case will open things up."

What's wrong with trading stamps?

Opponents say the stamps raise prices, by constituting a hidden charge in the bill. Someone, it is argued, must pay for the cost of the stamps (about \$3 per 1,000), for advertising the scheme, for the booklets into which they are pasted, and for the merchandise distributed. That someone is the customer.

Stamps are phenomenally effective for the first few stores using them—until other stores adopt them in self-defence. Thereafter free-for-alls may develop in which old customers are wooed back with "double stamp" and "triple stamp" days. This may have a numbing effect on the customer, who may become selective again, buying for quality and value. Yet once started on a stamp scheme, stores find them impossible to give up, since all stamps issued must be redeemed.

Some manufacturers report concern over the de-emphasis of quality and consumer acceptance of name brands built up over the years, which supposedly results from stamp promotions. Advertising accent is primarily on the plan, not the product. Consumers lose the benefit of "specials", loss leaders, and other price cuts. Selling should be based on quality of merchandise and service, it is argued.

But customers love stamps. Bargain-minded women see in them a form of "painless saving".

Claude Roy, president of Union Dominion Promotion Sales, Inc., of Montreal is enthusiastic about them.

"I believe that the stamps sales have traffic building ability, creating profit ratio, lower overhead ratio, customer loyalty, lower credit cost where stamps are given on cash sales only," he says. "Stamps also create consumer satisfaction through possession of articles which, budget-wise, their conscience would not allow them to buy outright."

As for price increases, "We have not made a single price increase attributable to trading stamps so far," an IGA spokesman said. "Once volume of sales rises 13 per cent, the plan pays for itself. Furthermore, we are completely within the letter and spirit of the law. We wouldn't risk our reputation on something that was shady."

Preliminary results in Canada indicate that for the first time in years, independents using stamps are winning big chunks of business away from the chain stores. Weaker stores without plans will likely be weeded out at a faster pace.

Tampa to Toronto

His food empire ranges from fruit juice to flavoring to frozen shrimps. He stepped in to revitalize the entire citrus industry. With world-wide distribution today, this border-hopping businessman runs a multi-million dollar enterprise.



THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56 1/4c) on the Series "B" 4 1/2% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending September 30, 1956 payable October 2, 1956 to shareholders of record August 31, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

R. R. MERIFIELD,

Secretary.

Montreal, June 25, 1956.



THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

Dividend Number 196

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of forty-five cents (45c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending June 30, 1956 payable August 24, 1956 to shareholders of record July 13, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

R. R. MERIFIELD,

Secretary.

Montreal, June 25, 1956.

AT CLUB

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TORONTO'S ONLY DINING
WITH FLOORSHOW

at 7:30 PM NO COVER TILL NINE

WITH THE shrinkage of the earth speeded up by the jet age, business becomes increasingly international. Borders are no longer boundaries for the businessman of the 20th Century. Typical of the commuter-kind of executive is W. Grant Horsey, president of the Shirriff-Horsey Corporation Ltd., of Toronto, Ont., and Plant City, Florida.

A bustling 6-foot, 200-pounder, Grant Horsey rushes from Toronto to Tampa to Jamaica, where he controls plants, with as much ease as many a businessman coming in from suburbia in the morning. His food empire ranges from fruit juice to flavoring to frozen shrimps. His market is international.

Horsey's Pan - American plan came easily to him. He was born in Buffalo, NY, in 1915. From that time on he has been hopping across the border with increasing rapidity. He was educated in public and high schools in Buffalo, Toronto and Montreal. After graduating from McGill with a Bachelor of Commerce degree, he joined the audit staff of McDonald, Currie & Company, Chartered Accountants, of Montreal. Then he got into the food business when he became district sales manager in Halifax for Dominion Stores.

After five years overseas in the Royal Canadian Artillery as a lieutenant, he moved back across the busy border, to become treasurer of Apte Canning Sales Corporation in Tampa. When his father's organization, William Horsey Corporation, acquired the Apte Corporation interests he became vice-president.

During 1947 and 1948, the entire Florida citrus industry underwent a period of post-war adjustment. Consumer demand had failed to keep pace with the rapid expansion of the citrus growing and processing business. Added to this was the fact that there were many small operators who were inexperienced in modern merchandising. With the industry in a state of confusion, Grant Horsey, as vice-president of the Horsey Corporation, stepped in to revitalize the entire citrus industry, at the

same time guiding the expansion program of his own company.

In 1953, the Horsey Corporation entered the frozen concentrate business with the erection of a new factory at Plant City, 30 miles east of Tampa, capable of producing over a million gallons of concentrate per season. Horsey helped pioneer the crystallization process by which concentrated juice is transformed into crystals in less than a minute and a half. With the old problems of too much bulk and freezing eliminated, the dehydrated juice can be shipped to any part of the world without refrigeration.

Living much of the year in Tampa, Grant Horsey became interested in the colorful shrimp boats that used to chug into harbor at night. As shrimps became less of a novelty and more of a real food, his interest increased. The result was the formation of a new company, Shoreline Enterprises, in 1953, to process and market frozen shrimps.

With the Horsey Corporation one of the major suppliers of canned citrus products to Canada, it was only natural that Grant Horsey should look for a way of expanding his Canadian operations. Late last year, with the merger of Shirriffs Limited, a name familiar in the Canadian food business since 1883 and the largest Canadian manufacturer of marmalade, fruit jellies and flavoring essences, and the J. William Horsey Corporation, Grant Horsey became president of the new multi-million dollar enterprise.

He is also a director of the Florida Canners Association, the Marine Bank and Trust Company of Tampa, and the Central Florida Cold Storage System, Inc.

Grant Horsey is married to the former Eleanor Mae Child of Montreal, whom he met while attending McGill. Along with a teen-age daughter, they live in a modern bungalow near Tampa Bay.

Those who have watched the Horsey food empire grow, wonder in which direction he will head next. "After all," says Grant Horsey, "it's really a small world."



W. Grant Horsey

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 278

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending July 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on August 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

N. J. McKinnon,
General Manager

Toronto, May 25, 1956



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Gold & Dross

Noranda

What is the trouble with Noranda that it does not get anywhere in the market whereas other copper stocks have been booming? It is very discouraging to the holder.—W.F.C., Stratford, Ont.

There is no trouble with Noranda. This fine company is doing better than ever and the position it has achieved among world producers reflects great credit on its Canadian management. The company is building a substantial earnings potential in mining, metal making and manufacturing. It is, however, taking time for the implications of its various enterprises to register on investors' thinking and additionally there are the debts incurred in the course of expansion to be liquidated. The main item of expansion was the Gaspé Copper mining operation, results of which will this year furnish some indication of performance in the future. But it can be assumed that Gaspé is earning on a scale which should permit the rapid repayment of advances from Noranda, which is also still working the original Rouyn mine.

The company is important in metal refining and is also a copper processor through the controlled Canada Wire & Cable Co.

Noranda is selling fairly close to its all-time high and we presume you are "discouraged" by its failure to participate in the boom copper markets of last winter. Two reasons for this could be a lack of promotional interest in the stock, the market for which might be said to represent the actual play of the forces of supply and demand, and the proportions of the operation. After all, when you have a market valuation of \$240 million or thereabouts, it takes developments of considerable importance to change it.

Try to cultivate patience. Don't be like the man who plants seed in the morning and expects to eat a vegetable dinner that night.

Int. Nickel

Although it is reported that the supply of nickel will ease in a couple of years, Int. Nickel continues to command a market price of 90 or more, which represents a doubling in value the last eighteen months or so. Would not the stock tend to sell off when the supply of nickel eases?—B.O.J., London, Ont.

On the face of it this would appear to be a probability. However, the first ingredient in making a pigeon pie is one dead pigeon and in this case there is no dead pigeon—in the shape of an easier supply of nickel. People who have bid Int. Nickel up to cur-

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1956, payable in Canadian funds on August 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on June 22, 1956.

By order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.


Montreal, June 11, 1956.

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SLOW BURNING

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rent levels are apparently not disturbed about the future of the metal in spite of the fact that the U.S. stockpile will not continue to absorb supplies indefinitely. However, there is a large potential civilian demand for the metal with processors now screaming for it. True, some other production has been brought in but the fact remains that Inco is still the most important factor in the free world supply. Its ore reserves at Sudbury will last for many decades and the company is providing for its future beyond that by continued large expenditures for exploration in other directions. It is taking no chance that the position it has built up in the nickel industry—a position which is unique for any field—will be impaired by a lack of ore resources.

Apart from nickel production, the company recovers copper and precious metals in its ores and these are important sources of revenue.

While the price of the stock is on the high side in relation to earnings, it is apparent that investors are willing to pay something extra for a carriage-trade operation, the life of which may continue well into the next century.

Union Gas

Would you care to discuss the prospects of Union Gas?—H.G., St. Thomas, Ont.

Officials of Union Gas are extremely optimistic as to the company's future and have recently stepped up the amount of gas for which the company has contracted from Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. Union has grown steadily for several years, but looks to a further upward fillip to sales to be provided by the availability of natural gas in the Hamilton and Kitchener areas. Hamilton is at present served by manufactured gas, but Union proposes a new natural-gas trunk line to this area from the Sarnia district. Plans also contemplate the extension of service to the workshop of Canada—the Galt, Preston, Kitchener section.

Construction of the trunk line to Hamilton and the spur to Kitchener awaits only the necessary gas supplies with which to expand markets. Ultimately, of course, Union will draw the bulk of its supplies from Trans-Canada. It had, however, hoped before the completion of the Trans-Canada line to draw more natural gas from Texas on an interim basis, but its application has so far failed to clear the Federal Power Commission in Washington.

In addition to Texas gas, the company draws supplies from its own wells in Western Ontario and from other local producers.

Lending support to expectations that the company will experience further steady growth are the proportions of urbanization and industrialization of that section



A Matter of Personal Taste

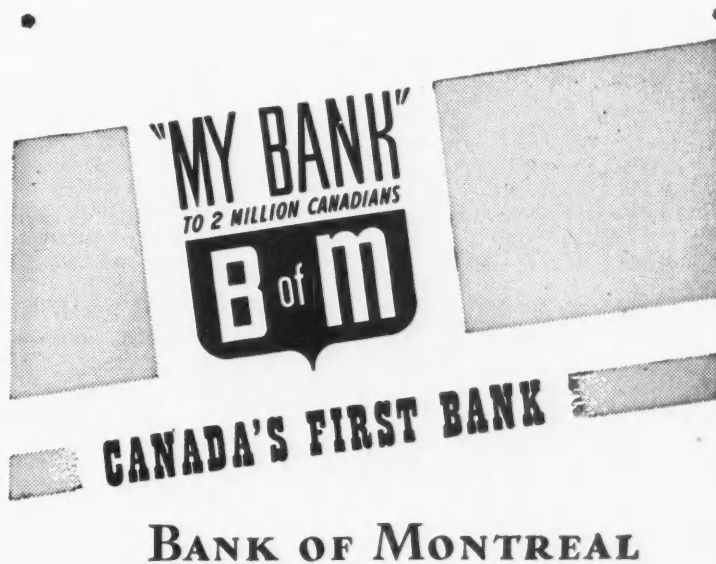
When selecting a book, a new hat or a brand of tea, the choice is nearly always "a matter of personal taste".

While personal taste is often a factor in choosing an investment, the determining factor should always be based on individual needs. Some require bonds for safety, preferred shares for income and common shares offering growth possibilities.

If you have funds to invest, or think your present holdings are not in the proper safety-income-growth balance, we shall be pleased to make suggestions in keeping with your personal needs.

Wood, Gundy & Company Limited

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Quebec London, Ont. Hamilton Ottawa Kitchener Regina
Edmonton Calgary Victoria London, Eng. Chicago New York



WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED

FORMIDABLE TECHNICAL PROGRAMME TO MEET CHALLENGE OF THE FUTURE

The forty-ninth annual general meeting of Rolls-Royce Limited was held on July 10 at Derby, England.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Hives, C.H., M.B.E., T.L.D., D.Sc.

The strength of the company's position continues to grow from the experience gained in the use of its products throughout the world. Many thousands of gas turbine engines and vehicle engines of all kinds are being operated under a wide variety of conditions. There is no substitute for experience of this kind, and it is against this background that we are constantly effecting improvements which enable us to probe new markets and move into new fields of technical development with confidence. After outlining the steps taken by the Company to contribute to the government programme for the development of power plants for guided weapons, and in connection with studying the application of nuclear energy, the statement continued:—

These, however, are only examples of the way in which your company is continually looking ahead. For the present and the immediate future we continue to supply by far the largest proportion of engines required by the Royal Air Force, while our business for other customers, and particularly the civil airlines, continues to expand steadily.

The combined turnover of the group for customers other than the British Government expanded still further to a figure of £23 million, and new orders were received at an even greater rate.

OVERSEAS ACTIVITIES

In Canada our subsidiary company had a busy year and can look forward to a high level of activity derived from the growing use of our products, particularly by airlines in both Canada and America.

Our company in Australia has established a good reputation for the work which it has set out to perform.

Our business with foreign governments has been well maintained, and Rolls-Royce engines are being installed in aircraft built in America, Australia, Belgium, Canada, France, Holland, Italy, Spain and Sweden.

The steadily growing output of Vickers Viscount aircraft has, of course, to be matched by our output of Dart engines. In last year's report I recorded that 300,000 engine-hours had already been flown in scheduled service. This figure has now increased to nearly a million hours, and 1.5 being added, it is a steadily increasing rate.

Great prominence has been given in recent months to the Dart and engines being considered for future airline operations, and there will undoubtedly be much competition for the available business.

The Dart engine, however, is still the only gas turbine engine in the world operating scheduled services, and is the only turbine propeller engine in quantity production at the present time. The future of this engine is already assured, and there are still further developments in increased power and reduced fuel consumption to come.

Interesting plans are already taking shape for the manufacture both in Holland and America of the "Friendship" aircraft designed by the Fokker Company and using Dart engines.

There is no doubt that the reputation established by the Dart engine, and the widespread facilities which are already available for service and overhaul work, will increase its attraction as a power unit for both present and future aircraft. In addition to facilities at the company's own factories in Derby, Glasgow, Montreal and

Sydney, overhaul bases already exist in Winnipeg, Washington, Paris and Venezuela, and plans are in hand for still further extending this network in places as far apart as Los Angeles, Beirut and Holland.

COMPANY'S UNIQUE POSITION

Your Company is in a unique position among the aero engine builders of the world in having under development four different types of gas turbine engines specifically designed for transport operations.

The inevitable change from piston engines to gas turbine engines which is going to take place in international air transport over the next ten years clearly presents a tremendous challenge to all concerned with the development of British aero engines to obtain a larger share of the business. In accepting this challenge, and at the same time maintaining the pressure on development work for future military requirements, your company have undertaken what is, indeed, a formidable technical programme and one which will involve the spending of very considerable sums of money in the foreseeable future both by way of private venture developments and the provision of the necessary equipment.

It is clear that our future, and, indeed, the future of the British aircraft and engine industry, depends upon obtaining a larger share of world markets.

MOTOR CAR AND OIL ENGINE DIVISIONS

In my statement last year, I said that the new Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and "S" Series Bentley models which, at that time, had been recently announced, had met with great approval. This view has been confirmed by subsequent and fuller experience. At the time of writing this report the Crewe factory is producing cars and also exporting them at a higher rate than at any previous time in the company's history.

The output of "B" range petrol engines for use in military and commercial vehicles has been well maintained.

The world markets for the products of the oil engine division continue to expand, and at present Rolls-Royce oil engines are operating in 53 countries extending from the Arctic Circle to New Zealand.

On the manufacturing side, the planned output in 1956 will be more than twice that of 1955 and for 1957 a further 50% expansion is envisaged.

CANADIAN COMPANY'S ACTIVITIES

Rolls-Royce of Canada Limited have again operated at a satisfactory level of profit and have contributed valuable service in support of the company's engines which are in service in Canada and the United States of America with Trans-Canada Air Lines and Capital Airlines, respectively. This side of their activities will expand considerably with the planned increase in the number of aircraft to be used by these operators. The year has also seen an extension of activity in support of the company's other products, and a depot has been opened at Vancouver for the benefit of customers on that coast. The company's manufacturing facilities were fully employed throughout the year, during which the initial contract for the supply of Nene engines to the Canadian Government was substantially completed.

The Directors of the parent company recommend a Final Dividend of 12½%, less tax, making 17½% less tax for the year ended 31st December 1955.

of Ontario lying west of Hamilton and embracing the Niagara Peninsula. It is not generally realized that the industrial production of this section equals that of Toronto or Montreal and is still growing.

Home Oil

Could you recommend the new Home Oil debentures as an investment? — H.C.G., Barrie, Ont.

As an investment for widows and orphans—no. As a business man's speculation, or calculated risk, yes.

The new 5 per cent debentures of Home Oil comprise an issue of \$7.5 million and are convertible into common at \$15 a share. The common has been selling for around \$13.50.

The buyer in this case is concerned with two issues—security and chance of gain.

The first is provided by the company's holding at June 1, 1956 of 41,668,000 net barrels proved reserves of oil and natural gas liquids and 263 billion cubic feet of gas. Land holdings amounted to 438,343 net acres out of 1,089,237 gross acres.

The company is an important factor in oil exploration-development in Western Canada and something has to be allowed for the experience that is vested in an aggressive and well-established organization. You are presumably aware of the proportions of the capital development that Western Canadian oil is receiving and this bodes well for any company with developed reserves and well-located holdings. The prospects of Home are closely tied to those of the industry as a whole and these reflect Canada's growing self-sufficiency in filling her oil requirements. They brighten as a result of the apparent success of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines. Possibly the only damper on western oil prospects exists in the protectionist tendencies of the logical American export market.

To sum up, Home stock has a reasonable chance of appreciation and the debentures afford a measure of security.

In Brief

What happened to Lariat Exploration & Development? — D.A., Buffalo, NY

Dominion Asbestos cast a rope over it, on the basis of one Dominion for 10 Lariat.

How is Rotary Mining Ltd.? — K.B., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Still going around, but apparently not very speedily.

Do Cathroy Larder shares have any value and are they salable? I bought some at 75 cents back in 1946. — F.P., Ridgetown.

There is supposed to be a market between two and seven cents. You'll have to try to sell through your broker. The company gold property has been idle since 1949.



Mrs. Paul G. Weil on the stairway of her Montreal home.

Full Life With Family

by Marion McCormick

A DAILY demonstration in how to manage an active family of six children and enjoy an otherwise full life is available from Mrs. Paul G. Weil, of Montreal. Small, dark, pretty, Mrs. Weil lives a many-faceted life amid a tumult of children and activities.

Vital statistics include the fact that she was born Mary Rosmond, in Almonte, Ont., educated in Ontario, and later abroad. She has lived long enough in Montreal to consider herself a native, and is married to Dr. Paul Weil, director of the blood bank at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Her children range in age from just over one year to not quite 20. Sonia, the eldest, is a first year medical student at McGill University. Next is 11-year-old Victoria, then Alexandra, seven, Gregory, six, Cecelia, three, and 15-months-old Kathleen.

The Weils live in a tall brick house on a steeply winding street near McGill. Theirs is the only family house still on

the street. The others, all of Victorian vintage, have been turned into apartments. It has the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms, many fireplaces, and random planning of an earlier age in architecture, before compactness became an ideal. The house is furnished with an unexpected combination of modern furniture and Victorian pieces, which go together happily. Watery green backgrounds are used in the dining- and living-rooms which connect into an enormous room that looks out into the garden. Mrs. Weil's most prized possession, a landscape by Emily Carr, hangs over the living-room fireplace.

As big as the house is, it isn't big enough to accommodate all of her interests. A painter of professional standing, Mrs. Weil has more or less resigned herself to giving up painting for the next few years. She plans to paint again when the children are older, but the room that used to be her studio has been turned into a bedroom for one of the children,

and she has turned her attention to writing as a temporary substitute.

Trained in Paris and Vienna, she has exhibited at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and at the Toronto Art Gallery. She finds it difficult to paint satisfactorily if she is interrupted, and no mother of six can expect to be left undisturbed for long. Interruptions when she is busy at the typewriter don't upset her, she has found, so she has undertaken a series of writing assignments.

She manages to tie in her interests tidily, with a volunteer public relations job for the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Victoria Hospital, and free lance radio writing on medical and welfare subjects. Her most effective public relations effort on behalf of the hospital came about by accident just before Christmas, when she and her husband contributed blood to a pair of infant twins who needed the rare blood type both Weils have. She kept track of the twins' progress, and reports that they are thriving.

Her other interests include membership in the Institute of International Affairs, the Montreal Parks and Playgrounds Association, and the Quebec Home and School Association, for which she organizes a province-wide art competition for school children. This annual event



Tall windows overlook the garden. Victoria, Gregory and Cecelia are called in to tea in the candle-lit dining-room.





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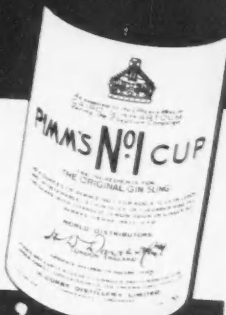
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A painting by Emily Carr hangs above the fireplace. Below: Mrs. Weil, in hospital garb, looks at the twins to whom she gave blood.



attracts thousands of entries from schools throughout the province.

With the exception of baby Kathleen, all of the Weils are busy throughout the day. The youngest children attend the College Marie de France, where they are getting their primary education in French. Mrs. Weil, who is completely bilingual, feels strongly about the importance of having all her children learn to speak French fluently. Not knowing the language, she feels, is a distinct handicap for every Quebecker, and puts a serious limitation on participation in the general life and culture of the province. Her eldest daughter, Sonia, is accomplished enough to have presented a scientific paper in French on her father's behalf at the Congress of the International Society of Haematology in Paris two years ago, a feat that attracted considerable attention at the time.

The family starts coming together late in the afternoon. Mrs. Weil tries to arrange her schedule so as to be on hand when the children reappear, and to bring the hectic day to a placid close around the family dinner table. She changes from her usual daytime costume, a trimly tailored suit, to one of a number of pretty and feminine dresses. She takes a great interest in clothes, prefers to have them made for her, and demands that they require a minimum of upkeep.

The Weils like parties and people, and enjoy entertaining, both in town and at their country house in Senneville, Que. The house in town might almost have been designed for large parties, offering almost limitless space. Mrs. Weil inadvertently reached what she considers the maximum number of guests the night she gave a coming-out party for Sonia. Seventy young people attended. Everything would have been fine, she feels, if that hadn't been the big crinoline year for debutantes. Thirty-five bell-skirted beauties and their escorts turned out to be capacity.



Mrs. Weil, a talented artist, now writes a good deal instead of painting.

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TORONTO
AUG. 24
SEPT. 8

WILLIAM A. HARRIS, President
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Letters

Ottawa Shindig

Your Ottawa correspondent evidently regards his page as a medium for the exhibition of his petty prejudices rather than as an opportunity to give his readers information and reasonable comment on affairs at the capital . . . He lays the blame for the "ferocity of partisan bitterness" shown in the pipeline affair, not on those who took part in the "unseemly brawls" but on the Speaker of the House and the members against whom this "ferocity" was directed. The people can be misled for a time, but when they get the true picture which Stevenson and others like him are attempting to conceal, they will know who were responsible for the "brawls" . . . and the brazen attempt of a minority to arrogate the rights of the majority. . . .

GODERICH, ONT.

W. H. ROBERTSON

Thank God for reporters like John Stevenson. After all the apologetic pap written about the pipeline debate, his blunt honesty and sharp comment on this disgraceful episode in Canadian parliamentary history came like good strong meat . . . The arrogance of the Government and the gross conduct of the Liberal majority in the House do not come through the dry papers of Hansard and may not have appeared so serious in the hurly-burly columns of the daily newspapers, set amidst other reports of disaster and violence in various parts of the world. But the clear-eyed account given by John Stevenson put the affair in its proper perspective. . . .

WINNIPEG

FRED JONES

Helping the Arts

As an ardent theatregoer I find some of Mr. Priestley's arguments on theatre subsidies very persuasive. In fairness to the non-theatregoer, however, I believe the artistic professions, aided possibly by devoted theatregoers and music lovers, could well support the arts alone and avoid government interference.

Consider: Stage director Joshua Logan earns \$400,000 a year; Guys and Dolls grossed over \$12 million plus \$1 million for screen rights; soprano Maria Callas is reputed to receive \$2,000 per performance (and her husband is a millionaire in his own right) . . . Herman Wouk was paid \$100,000 for screen rights to *Marjorie*

Morningstar, Robert Ruark \$300,000 for *Something of Value* . . . Is it fair to ask a \$40-a-week clerk to subsidize salaries like these? The arts make money all right. It just isn't being distributed evenly.

If the 12 million people who listen in to the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts plus the millions who listen to symphony broadcasts here and in the U.S.A. were to contribute a mere \$2 a year we could collect at least \$30 million each year for subsidized art of all types. If overpaid artists such as those mentioned above contributed a heavy share (the government takes most of it in taxes anyway), there would be more than enough for new works and new writers, composers and what have you.

VANCOUVER

EDWARD ROBB

Our Emblem Dear

Recent controversy in connection with Canadian stamp designs prompts me to draw attention to a much more horrendous situation which persists, year after year without public outcry, on the "tail" side of Canadian one-cent coins. I refer to the arrangement of what are clearly intended to be maple leaves. As all good boy scouts are aware, maple leaves arise on the twig in pairs, the bases of the leaf petioles being attached directly opposite each other. The sycamore, on the other hand, which has leaves of essentially the same shape as maple leaves, has these leaves arranged alternately on the twig, just as the "maple" leaves on our one-cent coins are arranged.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1967

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ANSWER TO PUZZLER

1564

I suggest that until the mint consults a competent forester or botanist before striking its coins, Canadian school children be required to sing lustily of "The sycamore, our emblem dear . . ."

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT. ARTHUR W. GHENT

St. Lawrence Statue

. . . I noticed a very interesting letter . . . suggesting that the immigrants to Canada might have some such noble sight (as the Statue of Liberty) to gaze upon as they sailed up the broad St. Lawrence.

I think that this is a marvellous suggestion . . . I would respectfully suggest that a Statue of Mackenzie King and C. D. Howe be erected at the entrance of Halifax Harbour and a duplicate of the same Statue should be erected in the neighborhood of Father Point in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence so that the immigrants to this great Democracy might fully appreciate the blessings that these two estimable gentlemen have already conferred and will D.V. confer in the future upon them.

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.

ARTHUR BEAUMONT

Abode of Love

About Robertson Davies' review of *The Abode of Love* by Aubrey Menen. It may be good fiction, but that's all. The facts? I remember the affair quite well. So far from "the fine clothes, the fine carriages, and the air of well-being which pervaded everything about the Abode (discouraging) enquiry", as I remember, the Abode was hardly established before it became a major scandal . . . There were even popular music-hall ditties about it at the time . . .

YMR, BC.

JOHN WELLS

Correction

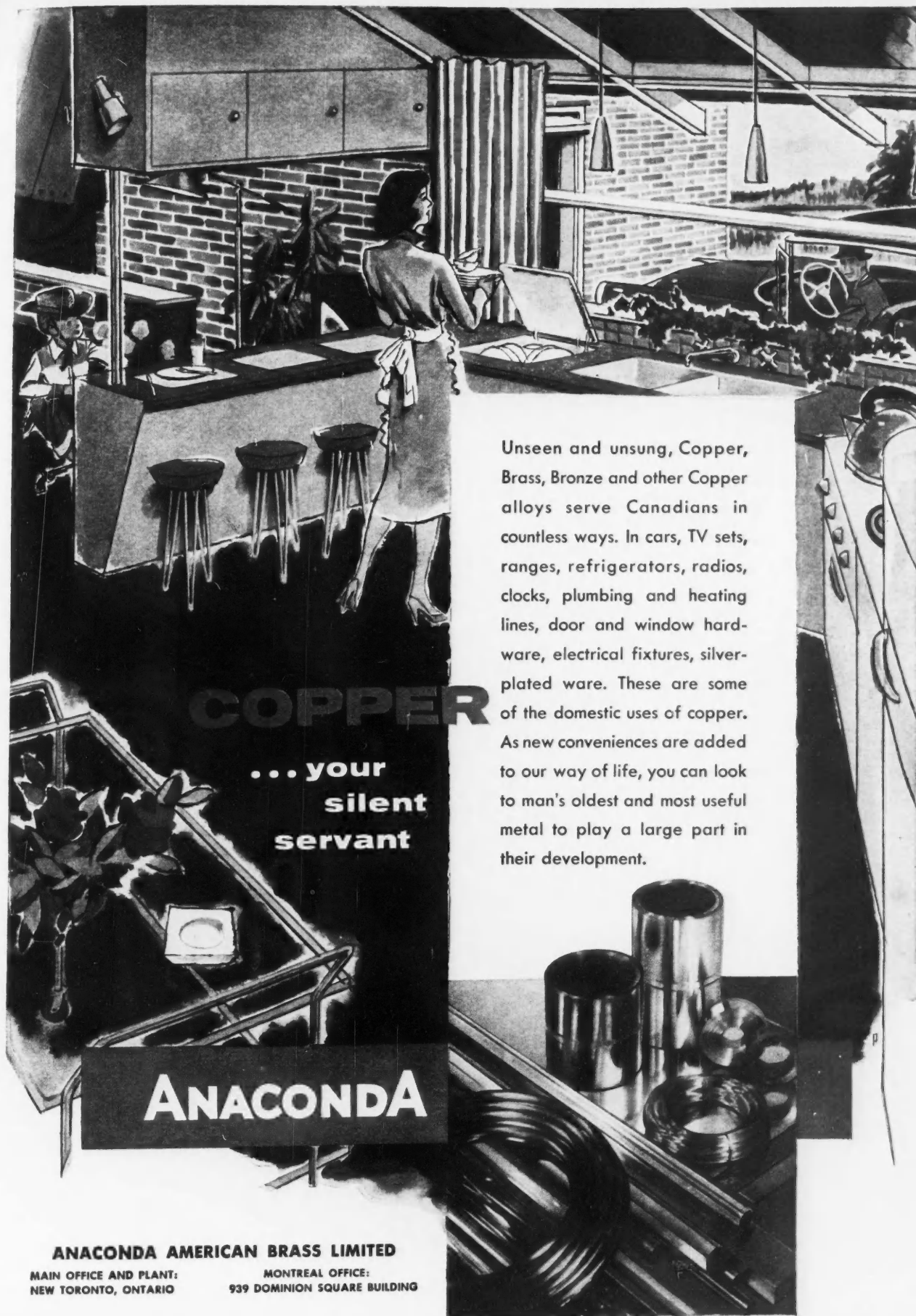
Surely in your article on "Comic Characters on Camera" you are referring to Barry Helmer and not "Bernie Helman". "Nibby" Edgar would be the first to remind you of other Canadian women animators — Alma Duncan, partner of Duncalare Productions of Ottawa, producers of animated films, ex. award winning animated film "Kumak, the Sleepy Hunter", and Evelyn Lambert, animator for the National Film Board since the early Forties.

OTTAWA

D. JANE MCLEAN.

Editor's note: The correct name is Barry Helmer.

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